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Early Friendship.

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CHAPTER I.

THE hues of a gorgeous sunset were fast fading to twilight in New Haven the city of gardens. The frowning and oft-pictured rocks had received the last smile of day, and the waters of the broad bay were growing gray in the deepening shadows.

It was the close of a literary festival, the annual commencement at the University, and the city was crowded with the learned, the lovely, and the fashionable, from all parts of our happy and beloved land. The bright-eyed girls of the North, and the fair daughters of the South, had mingled like the rose and lily to grace the scene, and now they rambled till you might have imagined a poet had chosen one little spot from all the earth, fashioning it after his own dream of beauty, and peopling it with the fair forms his fancy had created.

As Adrian Carroll escorted his sister Isabel and her friend, the lovely Pauline Elmer, through the parting crowd, all eyes met him with looks of respectful admiration, for he had won 'golden opinions,' and been distinguished as the most gifted of the large class of seniors, who had that day bade adieu to their *alma mater*, in whose quiet halls they had passed four happy and secluded years. And on the morrow that band of brothers were to separate—oh how widely!—to mingle in the strife and turmoil of the busy world, each one seeking out for himself, name and fame among his countrymen, and never till the gates of heaven should open to receive them, might they all hope to meet again. The trio 'on melancholy thoughts intent' left the talking thousands behind them to enter the still sanctuary of the dead, and guided by a holy feeling Adrian parted from

the friends and alone sought his mother's grave; that mother who had taught him the beauty of virtue and the love of science, and now when her fondest hopes for an only son were so brightly realized, unconsciously slept beneath the clouds of the valley, while he would have little valued the world's applause in comparison with her approving smile.

There was one white monument in that wide domain of death, which told that 'beneath were reposing the mortal remains of Eugene Elmer, a student of the university, called from life and promise in his nineteenth summer.' Pauline wept by the grave of her brother.

'Isabel! my friend, my sister! I have planted this luxuriant rose and watered it with my tears. When I am gone you will visit your mother's grave, see that no rude hand despoils the roses which bloom over the resting place of Eugene; I would he slept in our own green quiet churchyard among the hills of New Hampshire. Isabel, I detest these monotonous poplars, why were they, and they only, planted in this place of graves? I would have had the dark cypress, funereal yew and wide spreading forest trees, to shelter the sleep of manhood and age from sun and storm, the lady-locust and white lilac should have bent over and perfumed the spot where maiden beauty was reposing, the drooping willow wept o'er the wife cut off in her bloom, and the rose-acacia told where the buds of childhood lay withered. The ivy, the laurel, and the myrtle, should wreath themselves round the tomb of the philosopher, the brave of heart, and the son of song. Evergreens might whisper of immortality, and flowers in their decay and renovation teach that we too shall rise from the dust and bloom again. When I would have rejoiced with you to-day my friend, for the honor gained by Adrian, my heart was con-

tinually recurring to the inmate of this still tomb. I thought how he too would have won the meed of praise from loved lips, and gladdened the hearts which idolized him. Why was he thus taken from us in the morn of life? At times my rebellious heart refuses to be reconciled to his early fate. I am growing old in unhappiness. They are continually warning me to repent of my sinfulness and prepare for death. They hint that my brother died unconverted, and that such cannot see God. Oh! rather would I sleep forever in the cold dark earth, than wake to witness the unending woe of one so dearly loved: the very thought distracts me—I know he made no profession of holiness, yet he was so good, so affectionate and gentle, he caused our tears to flow only when he died: oh Isabel! is there then no hope?’

‘It is cruelly wrong, dearest Pauline, for those who would be thought friends thus to lacerate a heart tender and true as yours. Would that the darkness of your despondency might be dissipated by the brightness of my own blessed hope; a hope sustaining in sorrow, adding joy to happiness and shedding a summer sunshine over the bleakest path of human life—growing brighter and stronger with passing time, even as a glad river swelling onward to the ocean. Pauline we must part—years have we spent together in school-girl confidence and fondness, I cannot think a sister’s love more true than that which I cherish towards you. You have feared and refused to listen to my peculiar opinions which you call heresy—deeply do I regret it; I fear your wayward spirits now gay, and then depressed, will be the cause of unhappiness through life unless tempered and regulated by the calm influence of a holy faith. Happy should I be, if ere we separate, I might inspire in your heart a wish to seek that peace which the world cannot give or take away—peace untroubled in believing that all who dwell here under the care of a kind and impartial father, will alike be clothed in the white robes of immortality, and ever share his smiles in their heaven-home. How can woman’s heart be satisfied with a faith less universal?’

You should not thus hopelessly mourn for that idol brother. The very gentleness you so loved unfitted him for the turmoil of life, and his exquisite sensibility might have been a reproach among the thoughtless and the daring. It pleased the wisdom of heaven early to take him

where no cloud can darken upon his soul and no rude hand sweep its lyre-strings and still its melody. But here is Adrian; let us leave the loved and lost to their repose, and return to the moving life around us, and the friends who are yet left to claim our affection.’

The full unclouded moon had now changed the gay scene to one of fairy loveliness, here pouring in floods of light over a group of idlers, and there stealing down through the leaf-canopies, and lying in flakes of silver upon the pavement. Is there in the wide world moonlight so beautiful as that of our own New England? Every house was brilliant with lamps and bright eyes within, and moonbeams without, and every garden with its rare plants and rich perfumes like a scene of enchantment. The scarlet and rose-hued blossoms of the pomegranate and oleander—children of the sun—seemed proud of their beauty while the more lowly flowers were lulled to rest by the harp of the night-zephyr, and Endymion might have been jealous of their moon-kissed slumbers. The grave looks of our friends gradually gave place to smiles as they were encountered and recognized by troops of acquaintances.

‘Two bright particular stars have left the firmament, and a comet is their attendant,’ was the salutation or rather remark of one.

‘Miss Carroll gives us cold looks on the eve of our departure, she must render an account of the hearts she has broken hereafter;’ said another.

‘Good evening fair Isabel,’ added a third; ‘may I avail myself of the light of your eyes and attend you homeward?’

‘As far as the steps of the Tontine only,’ she replied, as they just then reached the hotel; ‘excuse me if I here say good night, we have but a few moments to bid Pauline farewell.’

‘Does the queen of hearts also leave us tomorrow? well this is the “unkindest cut of all,” our city will be desolate indeed. Miss Elmer I will often think of you as a shepherdess among the mountains: commend me to the sheep of your charge.’

‘In what capacity Mr. Wolf!’ she retorted, ‘as a lover of lamb I presume.’

‘Ah! Miss Pauline you have the advantage of me, but I am detaining you, farewell.’

‘I fear I am wrong my friends,’ said Pauline when they had entered the hotel and were again alone—‘in telling you that I scarce look forward with joy to the time when I shall be again

domesticated in my once happy home ; but my heart is ever on my lips when I talk with you. How lonely will that home appear without the brother who was always my most loved companion. Together we chased the butterfly, or sought wild flowers in our childhood, and together walked, read or studied as we grew older. He was different from those around him, gentle and retiring in disposition, and in our secluded village no separate interest or amusement ever called him from my side ; and when the time came that he must leave us to pursue his studies at the university, I felt—though young in experience—how unfitted he was to strive for what men call distinction, with the ambitious and the worldly. We could not be parted, and I too was sent to be educated in this seat of learning. You know the rest ; how he gave his whole heart to the love of science—how superior was his intellect, and how his soul drank in the fascinations of poetry, and the depths of philosophy—how he outwatched the stars, and wasted the springs of life, and when the goddess who had lured him onward would have placed upon his brow the wreath he had so nobly and so dearly earned, the fever-fire of a sudden consumption seized him, and how he suffered and died. When all other dear ones were afar, how blessed was I in being permitted to watch over him in that hour of agony and receive his last look of love and farewell. Do you wonder that my thoughts dwell on the loneliness of my home ! My widowed mother is almost heart broken, my elder sister is kind to me, but she is so calm and cold, she cannot sympathize with me as you do dear Isabel, in my wild flights of fancy and long fits of grief. My only remaining brother has been in France many years, and I know not when he will return ; keep your heart Isabel for my brother Duncan. Excuse my mother and sister from seeing you to night, we leave very early and they need repose, they bid me express their thanks for all your kindness. And now my friends, how can I clothe in words the affection I have for you. You loved me when I was light-hearted, and soothed me in my sorrow. Among all here who have been kind to me—and they are many—my heart clings most strongly to you. Adrian ! Isabel ! brother and sister of my heart, may the choicest of heaven's blessings ever rest upon you, farewell ! Adrian took her hand, and the sorrowing tender-hearted girl bowed her head upon Isabel's shoulder, and they parted with many tears.

CHAPTER II.

Adrian and Isabel Carroll were promenading the vine-wreathed and many pillared collonade of the pavilion at Saratoga. Time with his changing power had fulfilled in one the early promise of a noble manhood, and given to the other all the charms of ripened loveliness. The shade of deep grief which hung upon the brow of the former, was reflected in the countenance of the latter as her dark eyes beamed on him with a sister's tenderness. Adrian had loved, wedded, and in one short year followed the chosen one to the grave ; their father too had been called to his long home, and they were now all the world to each other.

Isabel suddenly clasped her brother's arm and directed his attention to the inmates of a carriage which had drawn up to the steps, and from which a gentleman and lady alighted, receiving in their arms a tall fair girl with death apparently written upon her pale features.

A deep sigh seemed to relieve the almost breathless oppression at Isabel's heart as she broke the silence with which they had regarded the entrance of the new comers. 'Oh brother ! can that be Pauline ? so changed, so ill, I feared to speak, lest a sudden word should hurry her to the tomb. I have wondered at her long silence, but little thought to see her thus. The gentleman must be her brother Duncan, let us seek them and learn the worst.'

How was Isabel's heart grieved to find that this long loved friend scarce recognized her ; that a settled melancholy brooded over her like a spell, and an illness more mental than bodily, was carrying her to the grave. Her penetrating mind was soon convinced that unhappy love or terrifying fanaticism had fixed a thorn in her heart, and she determined to seek out the cause and strive to effect a cure. This was found to be a difficult task. She often prevailed upon Miss Elmer to walk out while she took her station beside the couch where she would sit for hours without winning from the invalid a word or look. She brought in a canary, but when the bird began to trill its exquisite notes, she motioned it away with a look of terror, if she offered flowers, she would close her eyes and seem distressed at their very fragrance ; and when she read, no look of approbation rewarded her. After revolving in her mind every means for arousing her, she approached the window and lifted the thick curtains saying, 'Pauline you must not sit in

darkness any longer. Let me show you a ray of sunlight, and list to that dear robin singing on yonder tree. Shall I lead you here that you may see how bright and joyful is the green earth and every thing without ?'

'Oh no,' she replied, covering her eyes with her thin hands. 'I may not look upon the blessed sunbeams, or fair earth with happiness, for I am a miserable sinner ; drop the curtain I beseech you, and leave me to darkness and grief.'

'I cannot leave you dearest, but I will sing to you ; I will sing a song of sadness and love. I was never under the influence of the grand passion, were you Pauline ?' She watched her countenance closely, while singing the following words.

I do not love him—but my heart is sad
When his soft-toned farewell dies on my ear,
And when in gayer hours I would be glad,
I sigh—and breathe a wish that he were here.

I do not love him—yet in crowded hall
When idle flatterers are circling near,
I turn with careless answer from them all,
And my heart breathes a wish that he were here.

I may not love him—but I muse alone
Upon the meeting smile, the farewell tear,
And when my host of heartless friends are gone,
How can I help but wish that he were near !

O'er my once joyous heart a change has come,
For night is sweet and solitude is dear ;
Too well they suit my spirit's saddened tone,
For I may weep and wish that he were here.

No change disturbed the marble stillness of her features, and Isabel almost despaired. 'I do not think it is love,' she mentally concluded, 'it must be religious melancholy ; how sad it is to see that which was given as a blessing and support for the feeble, so often perverted to their destruction. Pauline,' she added aloud, 'you have no bible in your room, allow me to read you a few chapters from my own precious volume, the last gift of my sainted mother.'

'Isabel, I cannot bear it, I have been almost crazed by the threatenings of that dreadful book. I am weary of this life, but I dare not hope for the future. Seek no longer to trifle, or reason, with such a wretched being as I am.'

'Is it then so, sweet sufferer ? I feared as much ; but forbid me not to read this best of books, it shall be your comforter. Be assured it has been wrongly represented to you by unwise interpreters ; hear and judge for yourself.' As she read, the invalid's attention seemed for the first time to be awakened. Isabel saw she was interested, and continued wisely selecting

passages calculated to soothe—which her own knowledge of the sacred writings rendered easy—till the return of Miss Elmer from her long ramble, then closing the book she soon after left the room, giving Pauline an opportunity to meditate undisturbed upon what she had heard.

When resuming her attendance on the morrow great was her surprise and pleasure, to hear the usually silent and indifferent girl request a continuance of yesterday's interesting reading. Days passed on and she gradually began to converse and reason with her youthful, but wise counsellor. Then she grew more cheerful, and as the gloom was lifted from her mind, the rose returned to her cheek and the light to her eyes, and her friends rejoiced to see that she was slowly returning to life, to hope, and happiness.

When taking one of their usual morning walks, Adrian affectionately commended his sister for her judicious management of Pauline. 'Her brother tells me,' said he, 'that on returning from France he found her in this low state. After many enquiries he learned that she had been the victim of a modern revival, and of their measures he speaks in terms of unqualified abhorrence. Great bodily fatigue, and the excitement and terror of an enthusiastic temperament worked upon by demons in the shape of men, brought her to the brink of madness. He knew not what to do, for his mother and sister were among the converts, and could give no relief. He took her from home, hoping that other scenes might effect a change, but she showed no signs of interest in any thing, and he had almost ceased to hope, till you came, and like an angel sent with the blessing of heaven saved her from death, or despair and madness, which are worse than death. He bade me tell you of his deep gratitude which he could never find words to express in your presence. But we have reached the end of our long walk, and I presume breakfast is upon the table.' Duncan Elmer met them in the hall. 'A bright good morning to our fair physician, has she been culling simples with the dew yet on them ?' said he with an animated smile. 'I have been waiting to be allowed the pleasure of sitting beside you at the breakfast table.'

'I hope you will not be obliged to fast for your patience,' replied Isabel ; 'those who come late fare badly, but let us hasten to see what is left for our hunger.'

Adrian's business now called him to England, and Isabel was to spend the time of his absence

with an aunt in Philadelphia, but Pauline could not bear the idea of a separation, and at the earnest request of all she finally consented to accompany them home for a few weeks, and we leave her happily domesticated at the native village and home of the Elmers in New Hampshire, while Adrian is a voyager upon the 'multitudinous ocean.'

CHAPTER III.

Adrian Carroll after being detained more than a year in Europe arrived safely at Philadelphia, and seeking Isabel at his aunt's, learned that she was again visiting the Elmers. He set out directly to meet her there without giving notice of his arrival. Evening came on when he reached a village about six miles from their residence, where he determined to remain in preference to disturbing them at a late hour. It was a clear, frosty, moonlight night, and the winter snow lay deep over valley and mountain. Adrian was glad after his long cold ride to find himself comfortably established by a cheerful fire in the parlor of the little inn; but he was soon disturbed from the reverie into which he had fallen by the sound of approaching bells, and a merry group of sleigh-riders were ushered into his presence. He drew back from the light to scan the strangers, without having his own features observed. 'If this fair group,' thought he, 'is a specimen of our mountain maids, we may well be proud of them, for I have seen in other lands none so lovely.' One with a complexion of exquisite fairness, attracted his most earnest attention. Her hood had fallen back disclosing the hue of her tresses and eyes which seemed stolen from the sunlight and the blue of heaven. She spoke, and he started involuntarily, for her voice came like the memory of a sweet strain of music.

'Duncan!' said she, 'I declare I am frozen to an icicle! will you untie my moccasins? my fingers are so stiff I cannot use them; but why are you all so silent? Isabel you have not spoken a word, is your tongue frost-bitten?'

Isabel—whose attention had been directed to the stranger—now lifted the thick veil from her face and joyfully exclaiming—'It is my brother! it is Adrian!' was soon folded in his arms.

Isabel's veil, and Duncan's cap and wrapper, which he had not yet thrown off, effectually disguised them from Adrian's careless glance, and Pauline's voice only had betrayed her, she was

so altered from what he had seen her at Saratoga.

The happy party left for home with Adrian added to their company. Days and weeks passed on and still he lingered at the hospitable mansion of the Elmers. Isabel had given her heart, and only waited his return to give her hand to Duncan. He joyfully consented, and the sweet society and domestic graces of Pauline shortly won him to declare that 'it is not good for man to be alone.' Pauline was convinced by the arguments he brought forward in support of his text, and induced to unite her destiny with his; and the two fond and long attached friends were now sisters indeed.

Thou Winding Stream.

Original.

THOU winding stream, whose silver voice
Is heard within my father's halls,
How does my happy heart rejoice,
When on my ear thy music falls.

Whene'er upon thy flowery banks
I sit, alive to memory's power,
Bright visions of my youthful pranks
Burst on my gaze, and bless the hour.

O there were forms around me then,
As joyous as thy moonlit waves,
Who loved, like me, the shady glen,
And lily fair that in thee laves.

When sadness reigns within my breast,
I'll come to thee, thou shining stream!
Sweet tones shall lull all grief to rest,
And gentle eyes shall on me beam.

Then will I think of those who trod
With me, upon thy verdant shore,
Who now are with the christian's God,
To taste of sorrow's cup no more.

Ah! brighter streams, and richer fields,
Than ours, are your's, ye happy band!
O comfort dear the promise yields,
That we shall gain that blissful land.

ELLEN.

C—.

Evidences that Man is destined to Immortality.

Original.

THE love of life is so firmly incorporated with, and deeply rooted in the principles of our being, that the fact seems to be of universal obviousness; so much so, that satan, who was never reputed for a scrupulous utterance even of truisms, is represented as having said to Job: 'All that a man hath, will he give for his life.' He that can persuade you, that with him is the mysterious power of lengthening your mortal span,

can hardly desire a more absolute influence over you, than this conviction would confer. He would need ask for no earthly inheritance which mortals can bestow. And why the knowledge of the fact, that *One* there is, with whom this power dwelleth, should, in instances so numerous, wholly fail to secure, for Him, our obedience and service, is one of those marvelous incongruities of our weak and frail natures, which is more easily rebuked, than accounted for. No being can be found, it is believed, in possession of a full and healthy exercise of his reasoning powers, so lost to the common sympathies of our nature, whose condition is so utterly bereft of hope, and all that renders life desirable, as not to wish to live a *little* longer—to see the blessed light of the glorious sun a few days more, and to extend his mortal pilgrimage, by a few brief accessions to this poor life. A love for life, so strong, and so unyielding, might be deemed almost sufficient in itself alone, one would incline to believe, to banish forever from the human soul, the chill and blighting power of atheism. Yet, much as the fact is to be lamented, there are millions in christian lands, it is believed, who really and practically live 'without hope and without God in the world'—who, however much they may desire, have no well grounded and satisfactory expectation of an hereafter life! With me, doubts of a future immortal state, disturb my religious enjoyments *less*, than a dissatisfaction with the proofs which have been given of it:—Or, I do not so much question the reality of an hereafter state, as I desire to know more of it than has been revealed. We have said, that real and practical atheism prevails in christian communities—else, how shall we account for the indifference and apathy which is so generally manifested to the claims of religion? Who, in those communities, that believes himself destined to the inheritance of worldly glory and fortune, is ever found indifferent to the subject? Too often it is the case, under these circumstances, that fame and riches become the soul-engrossing topics of the person's life: and if they fail to assume the serious character of *monomania*, the individual escapes in much mercy. And what are all earth-born objects, to engage the rational mind in an absorbing sense, compared with the question—Shall we exist beyond this life? It were monstrous stupidity to talk of an object possessing an interest to man, to compare with this. There is no theme, to the contemplation

of which we can turn our minds, in heaven above, or on earth beneath, so awfully momentous to man. Indifference, then, to the claims of religion, in whomsoever it is found, can be ascribed to but one source—*unbelief* in its doctrines and its hopes.

That subtle, mysterious, wonder working, and incomprehensible something within us, that *thinks*—if it be not the germ of immortality—if it be not the seed of God, growing out into a future and eternal state, then is it altogether anomalous, and unmeaning in its apparent nature and its positive operations. What in the universe is there, that conveys to our minds so just a conception of an immortal substance? What so much resembles it? It is the creed of the materialist, that the healthy operations of the complicated machinery of these bodies combine to produce thought. But a satisfactory *reason* for a sentiment so strange and unphilosophical, if we live till it shall be given, will demonstrate the immortality of man. Our physical systems *cannot be* the originators or producers of thought, upon any *known* principle inherent in matter. They are only the *mediums* through which the powers of that wonder-working engine, the mind—an independent existence—manifests itself. Hence, in proportion as these conductors of the spirit's performances are perfect, fully developed, healthy and prompt in their action, or responses, and harmoniously balanced in their powers, the more mind, intelligence, or soul—the more strength and vigor of thought the individuals will be sure to possess. Wherefore, the case of the idiot, which is the atheist's boast and triumph, affords him no real advantage. For who does not suppose, that such persons do not possess as much soul, immortality or mind, when separate from these bodies, as other men? Do we suppose the existence of idiots in the future state? It is not proof that these unfortunate individuals do not possess as much of this mysterious being, power, or intellect, as other men, because the manifestations of itself through them as mediums, or conductors, are unintelligible, incoherent, and unmeaning. The circumstance rather proves, that the powers of the mind's medium are imperfect, not fully developed, or, in some important department, wholly wanting. Place a bad instrument in the hands of the most skillful musician on earth, with some of the strings broken, the rest untuned, and some indispensable part wholly wanting, and if you were

not aware that these defects existed in his instrument, you would judge of his knowledge of music, and of his skill as a performer, as you now judge of the mind of the idiot, from what he says and does. You say the latter has no mind, or soul, because his actions are unwise, and his words without meaning. So you would say of the musician, under the circumstances before named, that, in the science to which he made pretensions, he was an ignoramus, because, with a poor instrument, unstrung, and untuned, he produced discords and distraction of sounds, rather than harmony. In the case of the *first*, it may be apprehended, the defect is not in the mind, but in the medium of its communication with our senses; as in the *last*, where the deficiency is in the instrument, and not in the person's knowledge of the art, or his ability to perform. It is not proof, that there has been an *absolute* gain, growth, or increase of mind and intelligence in the universe, because more of them is discovered in the words and actions of adults, than was witnessed in the conduct and conversation of the same persons, when they were infants and children. In these stages of human existence, the several departments of the physical world—if we may so call the human system—through which the world of mind and intellect speaks and reveals itself, are imperfect, but in part developed, and in all unmatured. And with every year's additional growth to maturity, comes a proportionate increase of mental strength, and intellectual development. But it may not be safe to infer, it is apprehended, that hence there has been this actual yearly enlargement of the universe of mind; but rather, it might seem, that it has been enabled, by this increase of its means of communication, to display and manifest more of what was already in existence. Was there not as much mind and intellect in the universe of God, when there was but one man upon earth, as now, when there are many millions? It seems hardly safe to answer in the negative. Hence, what is usually denominated an increase of the kingdom of thought and mental power, may be, in reality, but an enlargement of the number, and an increase of the perfectness of the mediums, through which the intellectual creation of God, always full and perfect, manifests and displays itself. Is it supposed, that there was not as much of God, when men were few, as now, when they are now for numbers as the sands of the sea? Rather, may

we not say, there was not as much of him seen and known then, as now, because the mediums of seeing and knowing him, were not so numerous, nor so fully developed and matured? If these remarks have any meaning, it is, that these bodily organs, which Solomon says, return to the dust as they were, are not the originators of the spirit, which, the same writer asserts, at death, returns to God who gave it; but that it is an independent existence, using these corporeal organs only as mediums, through which to make known and reveal its mysterious powers. And yet, phrenological materialism, so far as it goes in assigning to the mind, a particular portion of this physical machine, as its appropriate medium of expression, may be admitted. When the disease, terminating in dissolution, tends to produce the affecting and sublime spectacle, not unfrequently witnessed, of the mind soaring above its wonted height, on new and untried pinions, with bright and almost supernatural power, it is by quickening and invigorating, we can suppose, this constituted medium of the mind's revelations—the brain—rather than deranging and enervating it, as is usually the case.

The atheistical doctrine, that the prompt and harmonious movements of the innumerable parts of this physical machine, combine to produce the mind and its intellectual powers, has been inferred from the known fact, that the gradual decline of the vigor and powers of the body, as life advances to its close, is generally attended with a proportionable or corresponding declension of the mental functions, and their energies. Therefore, it is usually said of old age, it is a second childhood, and of the aged themselves, they have lost their minds, or intellects, which is tantamount to saying, they have lost their souls! But does it follow, because the medium of the mind's actions is so impaired, as to render it no longer a perfect instrument for manifesting itself, that therefore, the mind does no longer exist? that, therefore, the aged have *lost* their minds? The aged do not see as when young; but not because they have lost the mind; but rather, because the organ of sight, which is a mere mechanical servant in conveying images to the perceiving power, is impaired. That which is the *percipient*—the very dunce knows that the eye itself is not—still exists. They do not hear as in other days; but not because the mind is wanting, but because the mind's medium of action in this particular, is also impaired. They

do not remember as in their youthful vigor, not because the mind is lost; were it so, this inability would not be to them, as it always proves to be, a source of deep regret. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh'—the spirit's organ—'is weak.' The aged are incapable, both of the physical and mental efforts, which characterized their earlier years; but the mind is not wanting; it rather possesses a keener desire for these performances, for the very reason, that it is now incapable of them. They too, do not relish now those enjoyments which were their very life-springs in youth and manhood; but the mind is not lost; it is then that its desire for returning anew to the fresh pleasures of life, and its young, gushing fountains of felicity, is the most intensely felt. It is then that the passion for renovated life, kindles to a flame, and dies not, but ascends to its source, like fire to the sun. Hence, though the aged cannot display the marvellous engine of intellect, as when in the vigor and prime of life—though they may seem child-like, irresolute, and even idiotic, they have not, therefore, lost their minds—they have only lost the ability for displaying them: The spirit is the same, yea, more abundantly; but the channel through which it acted, and flowed out to our perceptions, is impaired and weakened.

The materialist can discern no difference between the instinct of beasts, and the reason of man, other than is seen in the different degrees of the same principle. But the difference in the case, to us, seems not to be that of degrees of the same principle, but a difference in principles themselves. Reason in man is not, we opine, a higher degree of the instinct of beasts; its intellectual structure is another, and one entirely different. The instinct of animals, in its character and degree of perfection, seems complete at its birth, and remains stationary, through all generations of their species. It is not in the power of man to extend it beyond a certain point. The animal too, led by instinct, seldom goes wrong—it is a sure guide. It is not a something which they gradually acquire by experience—it is a perfect quality of its kind, and inherent in their natures. But reason in man is mostly acquired by experiments—is susceptible of perpetual enlargement; and at best, is not, like the instinct to the beast, an infallible guide. The most perfect man on earth, following the dictates of his reason, will sometimes go astray; but the beast, led by instinct, seldom or never. I have

said that reason is built up in man by education, experiments and experience. What passes for reason with man now, may be proved foolishness a few brief periods hence. What was reason with our ancestors, is now discarded and denied the name. But instinct was the same, it is believed, at the creation as it now is. The little bee constructs its 'artful cells' for its 'luscious' deposits, precisely now, all admit, as it did in the garden of innocence. The little sparrow too, builds her nest, feeds and protects her young, now, just as she did before the flood. We see no improvements in the instinct of the lower orders of beings. But man neither thinks nor acts—he neither feeds, clothes, shelters, nor protects himself now, as he did a few hundred years ago. Reason is a faculty that is acquired by thought, reflection, consideration and comparison—by patient experience and perpetual experiment—mental exercises, which the beast is mostly, if not wholly, incapable of: and yet, it is not so sure a guide to man, as instinct is to the brute. It would appear, then, that reason and instinct are wholly unlike, both as respects their origin and their natures. We have said, and no one, it is presumed, will gainsay the remark, that the instinct of the beasts was as perfect at creation, as it now is. But the reason of man seems created, and constituted, and ordained 'to soar onward and upward like the bird of Jove,' till it mingles in the light, the life, the certainty, the knowledge, and glory ineffable, of immortality.

Reflections on the foregoing.—Where shall man cast the anchor of his soul, when the stormy night, that happeneth to all, overtakes him, and he sees the ark of his mortal security and provision rapidly gliding away, like the vision that departs, not 'leaving a wreck behind,' if he is denied the beacon-light of christianity? Alas! he casts it forth, he knows not whither, to seek a hold in the chaotic bosom of chance, while he commits himself to the headlong guidance and perilous disposal of blind unpropitious fate. Rather would I have been created like the beast, without the power of thought, without the faculty of reflection and anticipation, without any of the ennobling and God-like endowments that now distinguish my race in the scale of being, unmindful of aught but the present moment, if I am to perish like him. If I am to share his end, make my spiritual and physical condition his also. I rejoice not, that God has elevated me, in point of capacities, above the inferior grades

of beings, if he has not also bestowed upon me an elevation of existence in its duration, commensurate with my desire and moral powers. Had I been created like the unthinking brute, like him I might, uncaring and unfearing, meet my doom of annihilation.

I do not rejoice that I have been created with the power of foreseeing and dreading my doom, if I am to be denied every ray of hope, which might alleviate its wretchedness and horror. Truly has the poet reasoned—

‘The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he *thy reason*, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand upraised to shed his blood.’

Would to heaven, if, like the lamb, I am to perish in my death, I could commit my reason to the winds, that like him, incapable of anticipating my cheerless fate, I might exult in my condition, and seize its pleasure, gratified and happy to the last. The sportive and innocent lamb, unconscious that he is not to live on forever, passes cheerfully and unmourning to his fate. How truly blessed in his ignorance! And how dreadfully cursed are we, by that reason, which raises us in an intellectual sphere above him, while it makes us sensible of being but his equals at death!

As the inferior creation of animals was not destined to immortality, the knowledge of the certainty of death has been withholden, and they pass on fulfilling the important purposes of their being, without the power of conceiving the end that awaits them, till it arrives. Herein we witness the goodness of God even to the beasts of the field. For how cruel it would seem, to possess them of our knowledge in their condition. How would the animals, created for the use of man, come to the slaughter, if they were endowed with our powers of reason and perception? As the pale, ghastly, trembling, horror-stricken criminal, is led forth to execution! To invest the beast with the reason of human beings then, would not only be an act of awful cruelty, but it would wholly defeat the object of their creation, in rendering them totally unsuitable for the use of man. All this is allowed; but what then? Answer: As God has possessed man with this certain knowledge of death, which he has, in mercy, withheld from the beast, if he is to perish with him forever at last, then is man a miracle of the cruelty of his Maker—and his condition the most cheerless and unblest of all beings that

live on the face of the whole earth! Yes, in point of sharing the compassion of his Creator, if this be his destination, he ranks infinitely lower than the swine, or the venomous toad! Who would not regard the sphere of the lamb *enviably*, under these circumstances? Yea, who would not prefer never to have existed at all, rather than know that he was destined inevitably to feast the grave worm, without the alleviating prospect of a future and better life? I will not disguise the fact—I feel it, and let it be spoken: I have no thanks for my Creator, that he has endowed me with a nature superior to the beast, susceptible of perpetual enlargement, and of constantly increasing desire, aspirations, and longings for a permanent and immortal being, if it was his purpose when he thus constituted me, that I should die the death of a brute. I am not thankful that he has given me near and dear friends, whose very existence is blended with my own—whose spirits with mine, like kindred and commingled waters, are merged in one, if, when they are snatched away by death, I am to count them lost, *and lost forever*. I find it not in my heart to thank my Maker for aught that he has conferred upon me, by which I am distinguished from the viper, the lobster, or the porcupine, if, like them, I realize here, the full purpose of my being’s end and aim. For all which I possess more than these, if we are hastening to one common destiny, I can reckon but cruel burthens, and unmingled curses, and deep stains on the goodness and benevolence of him, who has caused us to differ.

But we discover the goodness and compassion of God towards man, more abundantly, than as manifested towards the beasts, if we are permitted to believe the gospel of his Son. As the beasts that roam over the fields, or range free and joyously in the forests, were not ordained to inherit their Maker’s immortality, the knowledge of death has been wholly concealed from their perceptions. But man, possessing desires that run out into incorruption, and take hold on eternal life, and a knowledge that makes him always certain that death will ere long be his portion, the hope of immortality through Jesus Christ the Lord, has been graciously vouchsafed to him. Thus, by withholding from the beast a knowledge of death, and by giving man a hope of life after it, the wise and merciful Creator has enabled both to fulfil the purposes of their being, and to pass on their way rejoicing, so far

as the *earthly* estate of both is concerned, to the same common grave.

If the hopes of the gospel of our Lord are stable and sublime portions of the world of realities, what have we not to be thankful for? what not to inspire us with confidence, and to urge us on in the highway of our duties, the end whereof is glorious? Our hopes should be credited on the bright page of gains—our disappointments in the register of happy deliverances—and our bereavements in the immortal book of life, as so many additions to our treasures laid up in heaven. And if we but realize that the treasures and jewels of our heavenly inheritance, are but in *part* made up of the once loved and lost of earth, what power shall entice our hearts from it?

O who would live forever
Where pains and follies grow,
When friends above do never
A change or parting know?

Or why should death alarm us,
Though like the thief he 's sent?
His terrors cannot harm us,
With heart on heaven intent.

His dark and sullen waters,
The Prince of Life has past,
Where sorrow's sons and daughters
Shall safely meet at last.

For when to dust this mortal,
By God's command is given,
The spirit seeks the portal
Of its own native heaven.

J. C. W.

Lynn, Mass.

Modern Writing.

Original.

Our ancient authors appear to have confined themselves very much to the stern and simple truths upon which they wrote, and such was the prevailing taste in their day, that works which contained nothing elegant, fanciful or pleasing, in the usual acceptation of the words, possessed sufficient interest to rivet the attention of the reader, and acquire for the writer a reputation of an enviable character. I am not about to decide which style is preferable, the ancient or the modern. Both have their advantages. Since the art of printing has arrived at its present stage, and we have presses which can turn off an immense number of sheets in a day, the demand for words to supply the calls of the numerous publishers has become very great. Consequently much that is written is diluted and stretched out as far as the subject will admit of,

in order to cover a greater superficies. No doubt our modern style is much weakened by this custom, and the more solid and comprehensive writings of the ancients present advantages for which our elegance and beauty cannot compensate.

Yet we may write well, our language may be to the point, comprehensive and instructing, while we do not adhere to the plain, blunt, and straight forward style of the ancients. A pillar may be strong, and capable of supporting a vast weight, even if it is beautifully chiseled by the sculptor. Beauty is not opposed to strength, although the one may often be found without the other. The ancients strewed no flowers in the path of learning. Their works on philosophy, ethics, and other subjects, were dry and abstruse. The student toiled hard at his task, and a modern scholar would be deterred from the pursuits of literature, if he were obliged to travel over the same flinty and thorny road by which those of olden time arrived at eminence. We may compare the ancient paths of science to our country before highways were made, and the various facilities for social intercourse between the cities and towns were unknown in our land—when the mail was a whole week on its way from Boston to New York, and a passenger in the packet was not unfrequently a whole month in prosecuting his voyage between the two towns. It was not uncommon for people in that day, who had the care of youth, to speak against such innovations as lessened the toil of study. They believed that when the pupil was obliged to labor hard to procure information, he would not so easily forget what he had learned. I think they were partly correct—for it is evident they would not very soon forget *how* they acquired their learning, nor how hard their heads ached when in the progress of education. But there were many things in those days which the student could never learn at all for want of the aids which are now afforded him. Learning geography without the use of maps, was general a few years ago; but every one knows that the knowledge which is acquired by maps is no more easily forgotten than that which is gained by committing definitions and dry descriptions to memory.

As the path of learning is made easy, with reference to academical studies, why should not instruction of a different kind be also conveyed to the mind in the most pleasing style which ge-

nus can devise? Why, when we make literature almost a pleasing pursuit, should the higher, the nobler, and more important branches, such as moral and religious education, remain undivested of their irksomeness? Why should the path to virtue and piety be left unswept and ungarnished, and why should the nobler sentiments be sent forth into the world in disarray, or wrapped in sackcloth? Why, when the temples in which we worship God are adorned with numerous ornaments, and the tall and gilded spire proclaims the pains and expense which we take to show our regard for the house of prayer, should the subjects themselves—the principles and sentiments which are taught and advocated in the Lord's house, be stripped of all that can make them imposing and desirable to the reader? When David praised the Lord with the sweet tones of his harp, would it not have been inconsistent to accompany the music with uncouth language, and with prosing speeches?

Before quitting this theme, I would suggest that no subjects offer such advantages for the introduction of an elegant and pleasing style of writing, as those great and important ones which are connected with virtue and religion. A judicious writer remarks, that diamonds admit of a higher polish than softer and less solid substances; which he compares to the capability of receiving a high degree of elegant illustration possessed by the weightier and more serious subjects which present themselves to the consideration of rational and immortal beings. The great and important themes of the gospel—the revelations of God in his creation and in his word, are capable of receiving a high degree of polish. The more we come in contact with these subjects, and the more we rub them, the brighter they will shine. New beauties will be discovered in them every time that they are examined and discussed. Common language is unworthy of such lofty themes, and the man who has read the prophets and the Psalms of David, will readily perceive that the highest and most sublime strains of poesy—the most glowing imagery, and the most splendid figures are the natural dress in which religious instruction should be attired.

THE first attempt at piety is to fly from sin.

It is the prerogative of religion to believe firmly.

She died as fades the Flower.

Original.

SHE died as fades a flower,
Though nursed with watchful care,
And ne'er did deck a bower
A gem more rich and fair.
Still fondly we remember
Her voice's music tone,
Her eye, so melting tender,
The grace so all her own.

There's many a forest path
Her mem'ry maketh dear;
Each flower a language hath
To tell of thoughts sincere,
She breathed at sunset hour
Beneath the shady tree,
Where she sought the balmy power
Of soft winds o'er the sea.

Would they had power to bid
The rose adorn her cheek,
And raise the languid lid,
And cause the eye to speak
Of health returned, with gladness—
Of renovated bloom;—
But we are left in sadness,
To mourn her early doom.

ARIAN.

Boston, Mass.

Female Character.

Original.

HE must have been a very superficial observer of things, who has not discovered some peculiar and highly estimable traits in the character of females. Woman is not, it is true, as the love-smitten would represent her to be, a faultless being, a perfected model of excellence. In her most improved state, she is a frail and erring creature.

She has her imperfections, her weaknesses, and her vices. In common with the members of her race, she is a subject of caprice and change. Infirmities both physical and moral, are not unfrequently exhibited by her conduct.

Her cheek is sometimes crimsoned by a blush, and her heart thrilled by a pain, which her own imprudence, perhaps her criminal indulgences, have occasioned. She has occasionally thrown aside the gentleness and timidity of her sex, and become the creature of turbulent passions, of dark designs, of daring and terrible deeds.

Her bosom, ordinarily the home of kindness and of love, has more than once been the residence of feelings and purposes unworthy of itself. It has been rent and dishonored by fell emotions. It has burned with a fierce and deadly hate. It has felt the throes of a deep-rooted and relentless revenge.

Her hands have been seen uplifted in violence,

and dripping with the blood shed by her own rashness ; while she has composedly wiped off the gore, and exhibited no symptoms of a relenting spirit.

Her feet, accustomed to bear her about on missions of philanthropy and mercy, have now and then turned into froward paths, and reckless of the rights of her fellow beings, she has trodden them down in her wrath ; and heedlessly trampled upon the prostrate victims of her own tyranny. Lamentable as the fact may be, some of the most sanguinary and even astounding outrages upon the laws of humanity have been perpetrated by females.

In a word, woman sometimes, rarely I am happy to admit, but sometimes woman falls from the lofty eminence assigned her by nature, and ceases to be herself, ceases to be that beautiful and enchanting creature, which we have been accustomed to admire, to love, to covet, and almost to adore. She throws off the dove, and assumes the tyger. The angel is transformed into a fiend. These, however, are not original traits in female character ; but accidental deviations from it, gross eccentricities ; and such as rarely occur on the pages of history, or those of experience.

No, with all her imperfections, woman is a noble and lovely being. There is much of excellence, much to esteem and admire, much of generosity and moral sublimity, in her nature ; and with here and there an exception, her history is but the record of magnanimity and social worth,—the very poetry of created goodness.

But there is one distinguishing trait in female character, which I do not recollect to have seen particularly noticed in any of our publications, at least with the distinctness and emphasis which it merits. I allude to the inflexible fortitude with which females endure the frowns of fortune, and even rise superior to the heaviest shocks of adversity. It is to this trait more particularly in the character of women, to which I would call the attention of the reader in the present article. We find nothing in the character of the man, which will bear a comparison with it. His resolution and firmness in seasons of calamity, compared with those of females under similar circumstances, appear like infancy by the side of manhood. The latter we cannot but admire, nor fail to pity the former.

As a general thing, the man is powerful in prosperity, and weak in adversity. But not so

the woman. She is exactly the reverse, feeble in prosperity ; but mighty when adversity comes upon her. Indeed, her powers are never fully displayed, except in cases of great extremity, in times of real and deep disaster. Then, she appears in her might, and exhibits her vast superiority over man.

At the very point of time, and under the very circumstances, when aid is most needed, she is always at her post, and proves herself competent to the noblest and most astonishing efforts. Then, the woman, modest and retiring at other times, comes forth in her strength. Her whole self is in view. She is seen in her own greatness ; and in her we behold a perfect fac simile of all that is truly sublime and imposing in human character.

When in easy circumstances, I allow, she often assumes a less venerable appearance, and acts a far less commendable part. In the sunny days of prosperity ; when surrounded by the blandishments of wealth ; when want, and apparently, even the possibility of it, are far from her ; when every thing about her is bright and full of promise—all her affairs gliding smoothly along, and she has nothing to do but to rest in the lap of plenty, and be happy, she is often very miserable.

The very abundance for which so many envy her, produces a real surfeit ; and she becomes uneasy, difficult and hard to please. Her natural sweetness and equanimity of temper are destroyed. Trifles vex her. Nothing can be done to suit her.

To everybody but herself, it appears certain that she has all that heart can wish, the means of leisure, and ease, and enjoyment even to repletion. But how very different are things in her own view ? What is the splendor of high life ? What the glare and dazzle of affluence to her ? She has been so long familiar with these baubles, that they have lost their power to charm. She has enjoyed them even to satiety, and they have become insipid to her. She can discover but very little in her condition, if anything, except occasions of perplexity and vexation ; and therefore, unlike herself, though very natural under such a state of mind, she murmurs, complains, and finds fault with almost everything. Her mansion is too humble—her furniture too plain—her equipage too ordinary—her servants too few—her allowance for parties and pleasure too small.

But these things, it must be remembered, are not the legitimate results of female character. They are not original traits in it, but superinductions—mere eccentricities from a constitutional course. They show not the real and native woman. At such times, she is not herself. She sees not with the eyes which nature gave her; but with those of the pampered favorite of fortune and fashion. She is under the dominion of a sort of hallucination, of an unnatural and illusive frame of mind into which she has been brought by the peculiarity of her circumstances in life. But let her circumstances be changed. Let them undergo an entire revolution. Let the clouds of misfortune begin to gather and blacken around her. Let the distant roar of adversity unexpectedly break upon her ear. Let the terrific indications of its near approach be repeated again and again. Let these indications so far assume the form of probabilities that, for the first time in her life, she sees herself actually exposed to poverty, to degradation and want.

Let the storm gather up its strength, and come upon her. In its desolating sweep, let it bear away her all, strip her of everything, but her life and her virtue, the partner of them, and the cherished pledges of their mutual care and love, which are dearer to her far than life itself.

Look at her now, kind reader, and you will see the real, living woman. You will see her in her own right mind; and acting out her own lofty powers. Her husband's courage will fail him. In the uproar of his misfortunes and his agonies, his brain will become feverish and confused. His spirit will die within him. His giant arm will lose its nerve. His fortitude and resolution will desert him, and ride off together upon the wings of the very tempest which lays waste his possessions.

But not so the wife and the mother. No, she will stand in the midst of the desolation unmoved and unscathed. Not an energy of her mighty mind has been palsied by the blast which has swept over her in its fierceness. She has gathered new strength and new resolution from the very power which has prostrated her possessions and her hopes, and those of her family. Her fortitude has roused itself up, and assumed an aspect as composed almost as that of Omnipotence itself. Every look, and word, and movement, show that she is the conqueror, not the conquered. She has faced the storm. She has triumphed over its power; and she proudly de-

fies that of any that are to come; and she may do so. They cannot subdue her.

Let them come. Let them beat upon her slender and beautiful form, in all their violence. They may shake, but cannot overthrow her. They may now and then make her tremble, but she will not fall. She has a spirit within her mightier than they, superior far to their utmost fury. Yes, let embarrassments one after another come upon her; let shock after shock of misfortune dissipate her substance, till the last remnant is gone; let all around her become discouraged, and sink down in despair; let all this happen, and still she will stand erect and firm, one solitary hope, one remaining prop, upon which her whole family may lean, and lean with safety.

There is no fiction, nothing of romance in these descriptions. No, they are but the plain, unvarnished truth of the case. They portray scenes which have all occurred in real life, times without number, and will again. And who can contemplate the actors in those scenes, without astonishment and admiration! Who, in view of them, can repress an almost idolatrous veneration for female character; for the fortitude and heroism of woman in the dark hours of adverse fortune? These are the times in which her real beauty and loveliness are disclosed, and which enable us to form a just estimate of her worth in social and domestic life.

Only see her. Look at her attentively. Is she not a living wonder? a real paradox? What a slender, delicate and feeble looking creature she is! A very trifling disaster, it would seem, might crush her; a mere breath of adversity blow her away. But it is not so. She is invincible. The most tremendous calamities cannot master her. Reverses of fortune before which the stoutest hearted man quails, and by which he is utterly overwhelmed, cannot move the woman. I have seen her surrounded by the fragments of a shattered fortune, standing among the ruins of her pecuniary possessions and hopes, and even after poverty had rudely stretched forth its rough hand and taken hold of her! It was an affecting scene. But how did she appear? Agitated and discouraged? No! Self-collected, and full of resolution. And what was she about? Weeping? No, not a tear fell from her eye! Was she trembling from apprehensions of future want? Not a tremor shook her frame! Complaining of her hard lot in life? Not a murmur escaped from her lips!

What then was she doing ? She was standing 'like Mount Zion which cannot be moved ;' standing in the greatness of her strength, and holding up herself, and her husband, and her children, and the world also ! What a sublime spectacle ! What a magnificent exhibition of intellectual and moral greatness ! What a finished image in miniature of the Divinity himself.

Ought woman then to be tauntingly called, 'the weaker vessel ?' Is she not worthy of profound respect and admiration ? Of high and enduring esteem and love ? Is she not in very deed 'the glory of the man ;' and so far as we can perceive, of the intelligent creation ?

I know not what the feelings of others may be upon the subject ; but I must confess that I never think of the unyielding fortitude and resolution displayed by females in seasons of adversity, without losing for the moment every thing like an impression that weakness, or imperfection, or wrong was ever associated with their character. Nothing appears to my admiring gaze but moral greatness and beauty ; a personification of social goodness, an object worthy of a strong, hallowed, and ever-enduring affection. Often, very often, alas ! has it been my lot to behold the delicate female struggling nobly against the strong tide of ill fortune, of deep destitution and wasting disease ; but never once have I done this, and never shall I do it, without feeling proud that the honored being who brought me into existence, and watched my infancy, and counselled my youth, and prayed for my good in riper years, was a woman ; that the partner of my portion in life is a woman ; that my daughters are all women. . s. s.

Boston, Mass.

The Shower.

BY J. W. MILLER.

THE pleasant rain !—the pleasant rain !
By fits it plashing falls
On twangling leaf and dimpling pool.—
How sweet its warming calls !
They know it—all the bosomy vales,
High slopes, and verdant meads ;
The queenly elms and princely oaks,
Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,
And drooping shrubs look gay ;
The bubbly brook, with gladlier song,
Hies on its endless way ;
All things of earth—the grateful things !
Put on their robes of cheer,
They hear the sound of the warning burst,
And know the rain is near.

It comes ! it comes ! the pleasant rain !
I drink its cooler breath,
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers
And roses' fragrant death ;
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,
The beds where violets die,
And it bears their life on its living wings—
I feel it wandering by.

The pleasant rain !—the pleasant rain !
It hath passed above the earth,
I see the smile of the opening cloud,
Like the parted lips of mirth.
The golden joy is spreading wide,
Along the blushing west,
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,
Like the glow of a grateful breast.

As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,
That knoweth all its need,
So came the good of the pleasant rain,
O'er hill and verdant mead.
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,
In hall and cotter's home,
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven
The pleasant rain hath come.

The Mother.

Original.

'Don't tell me there is a just and beneficent God,' cried Edward Willoughby to his young wife, as she sat watching the gambols of her little boy. 'I won't believe it.'

'Edward !' cried she, looking wistfully at her passionate spouse. 'Let us not murmur at heaven, for how many good things do we enjoy which more worthy people than ourselves would rejoice to partake of. You have been successful in business, and although now but twenty seven years of age, have been able to retire from the busier scenes of life to this lovely cottage, surrounded by all that is charming in nature. We should recollect how many things God has given us, and not look only on the dark side of objects.'

'Dark side of objects !' exclaimed the husband almost furiously, 'there you have it indeed. Our poor boy, the hope of my life, must always look on the dark side of things, see him now groping after his playthings, his young eyes closed to the light of day forever, his——'

'But,' interrupted she, laying her hand gently on her husband's arm, 'he never knew what it was to see the beautiful objects of God's creation. He was blind, from his birth, and can never miss what he never had. He may enjoy a considerable portion of happiness, and his very blindness may save him from a hundred dangers.'

'I have heard you out, Caroline,' said the

husband between his shut teeth. 'I have listened to your cold and unfeeling speech. Do you really love that child, and can you reason thus calmly upon an infliction which wholly shuts him out from the common privileges and blessings of mankind? Will he not, when he becomes older, and hears other children admiring beautiful objects, bewail the fearful doom which has shut him out from every rational enjoyment. When he hears them at play—when he listens to their loud shouts, their joyous laugh, will he not feel that he is alone, that he is a fated being, cut off wholly from the society of his fellows? But why do I talk thus? It is unnecessary to recount the thousand ills to which his hapless situation will expose him.'

Edward then took his hat and retired sullenly from the house to spend the evening with some of his companions. His wife had been able to contain herself before her husband, but as soon as the door closed after him, she gave vent to her tears. He had, however, only brought to her mind a vision which had but too frequently been conjured up by her own prophetic imagination. She knew too well how many sad and dreary hours her son would pass when he became old enough to realize his most unfortunate condition; but she had a double part to act. She had not only to sustain her own griefs, but also to combat the rebellious spirit of her husband, who never could become resigned to this dispensation of an all-wise providence. When she grieved over the blindness of her only child—her darling boy—she grieved in secret, lest her tears should be deemed a tacit encouragement to her husband's ebullitions of discontented rage. Now, therefore, that he was gone, she pressed the boy to her bosom and the tears followed one another down her cheeks until they fell upon the raven locks of the unsuspecting cause of her grief. She rebelled not against the stroke which had fallen upon her very heart-strings, but she felt the smart of the rod. After she had given vent to her emotions, her mind became more calm, and she was able to elevate her thoughts to Him who is never absent in the time of need when those who rely upon his goodness and seek consolation from the proper source, approach him in prayer. Her mind became settled into a serene and holy composure, and she was enabled to say 'Not my will, but thine be done.' She felt that our stay on earth was short, and that although afflictions may be

dealt out to us here, yet to those who truly placed their confidence and their hopes in the Supreme Disposer of events, there was a sure promise of reward an earnest of which was felt even in this state of being—a something wholly different from every other species of consolation, an assurance in the soul which nothing of a temporal nature could destroy. She knew that her boy might suffer some unhappiness as he grew older; but she also recollected that perfect happiness was given to none in this world, and that at the farthest, it would be but a few years before her son and all other living beings would have passed away.

Time rolled on, and the blind child had reached his fourth year. His father continued to sorrow over the fate of his son, and yielded so much to the darker feelings of his heart and the suggestions of despair, that his very home became irksome to him. The tender assiduities of the lovely Caroline were insufficient to cure his melancholy. His only child was blind, and on this subject he continued unceasingly to ponder. Thus casting aside all the advantages with which heaven had blessed him, he suffered his temper to become soured, and his heart steeled against the child who needed his kindness and protection the more on account of his physical disability. He would be gone whole nights from his home, and when Caroline strove to persuade him to spend more time with his family, cold reproof was her reward. He not unfrequently upbraided her with a want of attachment to him, declaring that if she felt towards him as she should, the situation of his child would render her miserable. Alas! he little knew how many sighs she breathed in secret—how the mother's heart was riven by the sight of her poor blind boy; but she uttered not a word of complaint, for there was a power unseen that sustained her in all her afflictions.

It soon became evident that Edward Willoughby was ruining his health by his nightly carousals. His bloated countenance and red eyes betokened that he had already taken rapid strides down the road to ruin. Caroline now, indeed, had cause of grief. She loved her husband devotedly. She had married him because she loved him, and not from motives of policy. She endeavored to lead him back to the path of virtue by all those tender arts which woman knows so well how to practise. But Edward would reply to her by pointing to his child, and uttering the

most dreadful imprecations. Caroline was not wanting in sensibility. Her sufferings cannot be portrayed, yet she threw her cares upon Him who is 'a present help in time of need,' and often when her husband was absent with his wild companions, she bowed the knee to the Father of mercies, and fervently prayed for the reform of her once tender spouse. Still all was darkness in prospect. Her hope was fixed on high, for the world was no longer bright before her. The fine gold had become dim, and to heaven alone could she look for consolation. She now felt the sweet consequences of having sought her Creator in the day of prosperity. She was not like the mariner who forgets his Maker in the calm, and appeals to him only when dangers surround his bark. She had remembered her Creator in the days of her youth, and preferred him above her chief joy, when pleasure held out its lure, and her prospects were gilded with hope. She had given him the flower of her youth, and now that blight and misfortune fell upon her path, she knew the way to her heavenly Father's throne; she could approach him with confidence, like a child of his own household.

Her boy was old enough to understand much that was taught him, and she found that although the windows of his earthly house were darkened, his mind was illuminated with the lamp of reason, and his conscience enlightened by the spirit of Divine truth. She endeavored to imbue his mind with the love of God, by representing him in the most amiable light, and her labors appeared to be, in a good degree, blessed. It was thus that she employed her time in the absence of her husband, and those absences had become so long and frequent, that the child himself, at length remarked it.

'Mother,' said little Andrew, 'I have listened all day to hear my father's step, and I have not heard it. His voice does not speak to me as it used to do. I wish he was near me, that I might put my hand upon his head. He was not here yesterday morning, and last evening when he came, he spoke harshly to you, and when he went away, you sobbed aloud. I cried too, till my pillow was wet, for he said he wished I never had been born.'

'Something vexed him,' said Caroline, with difficulty restraining her tears. 'Your father loves you, and is sorry that you are blind.'

'If I were not blind, could I see God?' asked little Andrew. 'He must be very beautiful.'

'Your blindness does not prevent you from seeing God,' answered Caroline—'we cannot see him with the eyes of the body, for He is a spirit. Although blind, you have the same opportunity for holding intercourse with your Maker that we have.'

Caroline had hardly concluded before the door opened, and a ragged urchin entered. He presented Caroline the following note:

'MADAM: I am compelled to inform you that I shall be ready to take possession of the cottage and lands adjacent, to-morrow morning. I trust that you have, by this time, prepared a new situation for yourself and child.'

'With much respect, yours, &c.'

'MARSHALL JOHNSON.'

Caroline read this note several times before she could form the most distant idea of its true meaning. At length she asked the boy, if he knew the writer of the note. He replied in the affirmative.

'Can you guide me immediately to his place of residence?' inquired she.

'Yes ma'am,' answered the boy, though it is a rough road. I suppose you will ride.'

'Indeed, my lad, I recollect that my husband lent his horse and chaise to a gentleman who was going a journey, and has not yet returned.'

'Lent it, madam!' cried the boy with a look of insulting roguery. 'Sam Jones won his horse and chaise at a game of billiards two weeks ago.'

'Ah!' cried Caroline gasping for breath and sinking in her chair; 'I see! I understand it all, now. We are ruined.'

The boy seemed a little softened, and withal a little alarmed by the violence of her emotions, and after a short silence, said, 'May be you would like to see your husband before you go to Mr. Johnson's, for he is nearer.'

'My husband!' exclaimed Caroline. 'What do you mean? where is my husband?'

'In jail, madam!'

'In jail, and for what?'

'Because he owes Mr. Johnson for a year's rent. Mr. Johnson hired out the cottage to him, after he had won it at Jack Fothergill's rooms.'

'Is there any thing else? Tell me all—every thing!' cried Caroline. 'My husband has lost his all at the gaming table, I suppose.'

'Did you not know all about it, madam?' said the boy with some surprise.

'Have you seen my husband?' said she.

'Yes, I have just come from his grated window,' replied the boy. 'I carried him daddy's pistol to shoot the rats with. There are rats in his room o' nights, and he wanted the pistol.'

For a moment, a strange expression came over the countenance of Caroline. She reeled to her chair, and sat as if turned to white marble by a sudden stroke from heaven. With a strong effort she kept back the hysteric fit which threatened to attack her, and, seizing the hand of her blind boy, bade the ragged messenger lead her directly to her husband's prison.

The lad passed through a beautiful orchard which Caroline had often admired, but which could no longer be called their own, and then plunged into a thick wood. The wife and mother followed as fast as she could, fearing that she was already a widow. After passing through the tangled wood they emerged at the base of a mountain which they were obliged to cross. While on the very summit of this mountain, the boy informed Caroline that Mr. Johnson had been sent for by her husband, and said he, 'If I am not mistaken yon carriage is his, that you see turning down the narrow lane which leads to the highway.'

'I see it,' cried Caroline eagerly. 'How far is it to the jail? How far must the carriage go before it reaches the jail?'

'About a mile,' said the boy.

'Now, my lad, how much money do you ask to run and overtake that carriage? I believe that life and death depend on your detaining Mr. Johnson until I can see him.'

'How can that be!' said the boy—'if you wish to ride, here is Roan's horse close by. He will lend him to you for the money.'

'Come then quickly, and show me where he lives!' cried Caroline with an emphasis which startled the lad, and procured implicit obedience.

Near the base of the mountain the blacksmith was found. Caroline asked him to lend his ear to her for a moment. As soon as they were alone, she said, 'I have peculiar reasons for hiring your horse. I desire this boy who is with him, may mount him, and set off at full speed to overtake Mr. Johnson before he can reach the jail where my husband is confined.'

'I don't know about lending the horse,' said the smith, looking astonished and scrutinizingly at the lady. 'One of his shoes is rather loose. Perhaps if you can stop till I——'

'Not a moment!' cried Caroline. 'What is

done must be done quickly—instantly—Oh, sir, detain me not, but grant my earnest prayer, and this guinea shall be yours.'

The blacksmith looked at the money, and no longer delayed to lead forth the nag. In the mean time the carriage had proceeded far on its way, and just as the lad mounted the horse, it was hidden from view by a clump of trees. 'Now drive for your life,' said Caroline to the boy, 'and tell Mr. Johnson life and death depend on his stopping until I can have an audience with him.' The boy gave the horse reins and whip, and the clumsy nag blundered along the road with a sort of gallop that gave little hope to the anxious Caroline. She followed after him, leading her little boy, who was filled with silent wonder at the anxious voice and hasty movements of his mother. She walked on about a quarter of a mile, when she came to a rock. She ascended it for the purpose of taking a survey. The carriage was again in sight, nearly enveloped in a cloud of dust, and apparently going at a fast rate, while the messenger on the blacksmith's horse was just turning into the highway. The black walls of the prison were also in sight, but at a considerable distance. Caroline's heart sunk within her, as she perceived that the horse did not gain upon the carriage. He appeared to be lame, and although the lad used the whip lustily, the dull beast could not be urged forward faster than his wont. At length the carriage approached a large white mansion, and Caroline imagined that she perceived an indication that the horses were about to turn into the avenue leading thither. Her heart beat quick. Hope and fear struggled violently in her breast. At one time she imagined the heads of the steeds were turned in the direction of the large gate—no, they went prancing by, the carriage wheels sent up a volume of dust, and Caroline, clasping her hands, sunk on her knees in mute despair. At that moment, a heavy clap of thunder burst over her head—the lightning shot vividly over the tree tops, and Caroline, for the first time, perceived that a storm was about to burst upon her head. She started up. Her eyes fell upon the carriage. It had stopped. She looked steadily and wistfully. Another tremendous clap of thunder, accompanied by sharp lightning, appeared to decide the master of the carriage. The horses were turned, and the carriage was driven back to the white mansion. The broad gate opened for its recep-

tion. Caroline sunk once more on her knees, but it was to pour out her thanks to Heaven for his interposition at such a critical moment. She descended from the rock, and hastened forward with her boy. For a moment the flying dust caused her to pause. Then the rain began to pour down in torrents, but Caroline heeded not the rain. She exerted every muscle to reach the white mansion before the carriage should set out again on its journey. She had nearly a mile to walk, and the road was fast becoming miry and full of streams that rushed in torrents from the hills. She wrapped her cloak about her poor homeless child, and steadily pursued her toilsome way, amid the tempest. At length she overtook the messenger boy, who with the horse had taken shelter in a shed. He told Caroline to come under the shed until the rain was over, but she passed swiftly on without answering his untimely courtesy.

At length she reached the white house. She saw the carriage and horses standing under cover. She thanked God, and knocked at the door. The master of the house opened it. He evinced some surprise at seeing a young lady of her appearance dripping with the rain, her hair disordered, and her whole appearance betokening haste and extreme agitation. She inquired for Mr. Johnson. She was told that he was in, and he soon made his appearance.

'I am the wife of Edward Willoughby,' said she.

'Indeed!' cried Mr. Johnson, and the manner of his address did not strike Caroline as that of a professed gambler.

'I am pained to see you in this condition,' said he; 'but walk in, and let the ladies assist you and your boy to dry garments. I am really concerned to see you in this plight.'

'Can this be the man,' thought Caroline, 'who has robbed my husband of his all, and my child of a home, at the gaming table?'

The expression of his countenance was singularly kind and benevolent, and the tones of his voice were in keeping with such expression.

As soon as Caroline had laid aside her wet garments, and been robed anew, she went with Mr. Johnson into a private apartment.

'I have not come,' said she, 'to upbraid you with my husband's misfortunes.'

'I await your commands, madam,' said Mr. Johnson, 'compose yourself, and then proceed at your leisure.'

'My husband is in jail,' said she.

'He is, madam. You desire his release.'

'It was not on that business I came,' replied she. 'I understand that he expects you at the prison.'

'That is true. He sent for me, and I am now on my way thither.'

'Then, sir, I beg that you will not go.'

'Indeed! Can I know the reasons for this request?' said he, with considerable surprise.

'I fear, sir, that my husband has become desperate, and should he be tempted to avenge his losses, I do not know but your very life would be in danger. Indeed, I must see him soon, or I fear he will——' she paused.

'You fear he will commit violence on himself,' said Mr. Johnson. 'I did not think of that, I will have my carriage ready, and we will go to him instantly.'

Caroline assented to this proposal, and the blind boy was left behind, while she and Mr. Johnson rode to the prison. On the way thither Mr. Johnson made Caroline acquainted with a secret.

'I knew your husband's father well,' said he. 'We were school companions and inseparable friends. When his father died, my regard for the son was proportionate to that which I had felt for the old man. When he moved into this neighborhood, I hoped to have much of his company, but I was disappointed. Your husband chose his associates from among the young rakes of the adjoining town, and what with drinking and gambling I saw that he was in a fair way to waste his property. That he had met with several severe losses at the gaming table came to my knowledge.'

Caroline looked at the speaker, filled with wonder and curiosity.

'When I saw the downward road which your husband was taking,' said Mr. Johnson, 'I determined to save him from himself. I say it with shame, that when a young man, I became a proficient in the art of gambling. For once it served a good purpose. I threw myself in your husband's way, and introduced myself as an old friend of his father's. He recollected to have heard my name, and proposed to adjourn to an ale-house. We went to one, and there I proposed a game of hazard. He played with me, and his usual bad success attended him. He at length, in a fit of desperation, staked his all, and I became the owner of your cottage, and all the

lands adjoining. I agreed to rent him the property at a moderate price, hoping that he would bestir himself in some honorable employment, in order to gain the money. As soon as he became regular in his habits, I intended to restore him all that I had saved for him and his family—all that I had won at the gaming table. But I found that he still continued to frequent bad company, and I resolved to sue him for debt, hoping that in a prison, he would have time for calm reflection, and for forming purposes of amendment. As soon as I threw him into prison, I sent the note to you, in the hope that you would see him and converse with him on the evil consequences of gambling. I also thought it would be the readiest way to procure an interview with you myself; but I was shocked beyond description, when I saw that my note had brought you out in a violent thunder storm.

'Speak not of it, sir,' said Caroline. 'How can I be sufficiently grateful for the part which you have acted. My poor husband! he may yet be plucked from the borders of ruin.'

'My remedy, madam, was a rough one,' returned Mr. Johnson, 'but the disease was also a desperate one. But we have now reached the jail. You may tell your husband all that I have related to you, and let us hope that he will this day return to his cottage with a full purpose of amendment.'

Caroline sought her husband's cell. His mood was gloomy and abstracted. 'I have ruined you and my boy,' said he. 'Caroline, I seek nothing but revenge and death.'

'Heaven is merciful!' said she impressively. 'Talk not to me of Heaven's mercy!' cried Edward. 'Am I not a beggar—a ruined and undone man?'

'No, Edward!' cried Caroline. 'You have lost nothing. All—all is yours—the cottage and all. You are possessed of wealth, and nothing is to prevent you from being happy.'

'Wealth!' cried he, bitterly—'Oh—yes, these dungeon walls are the insignia of royalty, for "I am monarch of all I survey"—this pitcher, this crust of bread! Ha! ha! ha!'

'Laugh not thus wildly,' said Caroline—'Mr. Johnson'—

'Name him not!' fiercely exclaimed the prisoner—'has he not taken from me every thing I had? You have not heard how I have been stripped of all by that old fiend, and finally thrust into'—here he drew forth a pistol—'this,

this Caroline, will wind up his career of villany. I expect him to-day.'

'Listen,' said Caroline, turning pale. 'I have seen him. He is our friend—our best friend. He only waits for your appearance to convey you back to the cottage, and deliver up the deed which he took from you only to prevent it from falling into the hands of the gamblers.'

A great change came over the countenance of Edward. 'Caroline!' said he solemnly—'Do you mock me?'

At that instant Mr. Johnson entered the cell, and corroborated all that Caroline had told him. Edward was thoroughly subdued. A burthen had fallen from his shoulders. A moment before, and he thought himself an imprisoned beggar. Now he was rich and free. A mighty change was soon wrought in his mind. He owned that God had indeed been merciful to him the chief of sinners, in sending Mr. Johnson in his way to save him from utter ruin. He entered the carriage with Caroline and their mutual friend, and they went back to the white house. Here they took up the little blind Andrew, and were driven to Edward's cottage. A thorough revolution took place in the conduct of Edward. He became a faithful disciple of Jesus, and looked back with horror upon his former course of life.

Let us return to little Andrew. At the age of six years, he was at play with several lads who climbed into a tree. Andrew was very anxious to ascend also, but his blindness compelled him to give over, after several unsuccessful attempts. The tree was rotten at the base, and broke down. The lads were dreadfully injured; two of them were maimed for life. Caroline then said to Edward—'You have often, in other days, murmured on account of the blindness of our child. You have compared his cruel fate with that of Mrs. Williams' son, who was born on the same day with our boy. But the blindness of Andrew prevented him from climbing the tree. Poor little John Williams was able to ascend. The tree broke, and he fell upon a rock—his back was broken by the fall, and he is deformed for life. Behold! how Heaven has made the misfortune of our boy contribute to his preservation!'

But Caroline was to see another evidence of God's mercy. A celebrated oculist came on a visit to her husband's seat, and pronounced Andrew's blindness not incurable. He was per-

mitted to try his art, and in a few days the boy was thoroughly cured of his defect.

Edward pressed the boy to his heart, now a most promising lad, and confessed with tears in his eyes, that 'mercy had followed him all the days of his life.' Nothing happened to cloud the remainder of Caroline's life. Her son became eminent and pious—an ornament to society, and the pride of her old age. 'Those that put their trust in God shall not be confounded.'

The Intemperate Awakened.

Original.

Wo ! for my home now desolate,
My beggared wife and child,
My garden field a barren waste ;—
Wo ! that a passion wild
Should bow me from my high estate,
And make this heart, once mild,
Fierce as the wolf in mountain glen,
Chafed by the spears of hunting men.

My wife, my chosen, thou hast felt
The madness of my brain,
My voice and arm deep wounds have dealt,
And caused thee days of pain ;
Wo ! that my loving wife has knelt
Before my face in vain !
It was not *me* that made us part,
'Twas a foul fiend within my heart.

And thou my child, my only one !
What have I been to thee ?
Dim visions of the dark deeds done,
Rise now in memory ;
Wo ! that my gentle, beauteous son
Should find a foe in me !
May thou ne'er know thy father's shame,
And no dark spots be on thy fame.

But I have woken ; the dream is o'er ;
My mind again is free ;
And I am passion's slave no more,
Her charms and snares I flee ;
Strong in His strength whom I adore,
A man again I'll be ;
With form erect and open brow,
I'll walk the earth—hear, heaven, my vow !

C—, Mass.

ALLAN.

The Teachings of Summer.

Original.

HOSEA ii. 21. 22 : 'And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth ; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil ; and they shall hear Jezreel.'

THIS is the language of high wrought poetry, but it is the poetry of truth, and clearly declares the dependance of universal nature upon God, and traces the provisions for man's wants up to the beautiful hand of the Supreme. The pro-

phet represents the various parts of the inanimate world as feeling their dependance on each other, and uttering the voice of supplication for mutual aid ; that man's wants might be supplied, and the sovereignty of God be acknowledged by them for whom he hath renewed the face of the earth, and made the gladness of summer to succeed the smiles of spring.

What a beautiful harmony doth this passage present as existing between the various parts of creation, all acting in unison for the good of man, while the beneficent Divinity sits in benignant majesty on the throne of the universe. 'I will hear the heavens, saith the Lord,' when they seemingly supplicate permission to pour their genial influences on the earth—the invigorating warmth of the sun, and the fertilizing-showers of rain ; and the heavens shall hear the earth, when drought turns its herbage brown, and threatens destruction to its teeming fruits, and in answer to the petition, the clouds shall pour out their treasures, and the golden orb of day shall beneficently smile on the laboring earth ; and the earth shall hear the corn, the olive, and the grape, when they cry for maternal care to nurse the seed that shall spring up to furnish bread, oil, and wine, to man ; and thus yielding food and fruit, they hear Jezreel, or the needy people, whose dependance for the comforts of life rested on the looked for harvest.

Thus we are presented with a beautiful gradation in the mutual influences in nature for the support and comfort of man—it is a golden chain that leads from a wanting people through the seasons of the year, and reaches the all sufficient God, who imparts his energy, and all is well—the heavens are benignant, the earth is parentally kind, the seed are fruitful, and the harvest gladdens the hearts of the anxious people, speaking eloquently of the bounty of our heavenly Father, 'the eternal cause, support, and end of all.'

There is no season of the year when the beauty and force of this description of mutual influences can be better felt, than in the glory of summer—when the seed are nursed in the bosom of the earth, and the plant, the vine, and the tree, inspire man with joyous hopes as he looks forward to approaching autumn, and prays that the corn, vine, and tree, may answer his wants ; and to this end desires the earth to be mindful of her care, the heavens to be propitious towards the earth, and God still bountiful to them.

We are now enjoying the happy season when the voice of universal desire is heard—when man feels his dependance on him who has the government of the whole, who can store the heavens with clouds, that they may answer the earth with rain, and make her fruitful to supply the necessaries of life. It is then a period in the year abounding with instructive lessons, and promptings to profitable devotion; when we may well regard nature as the temple of God, and the various scenes of beauty, splendor, and luxuriance, as expressive of the attributes of creation's Author—as speaking to us in eloquent language of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the eternal Father, who daily bestows on his children rich benefits and favors.

Again revolving time has brought for our enjoyment the season when 'the sun goeth forth in his might;' the miraculous hand of spring has unlocked from the embrace of winter the vegetable world, and summer is now around us in all the pride and beauty of its promise; and we can confide in the assurance that God will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth, and the earth shall hear the corn, the vine, and the olive, and they shall hear the voice of man, and all shall end well.

How needful is this hope to our peace? How important this trust to the husbandman, whose heart is sometimes weighed down by the cold winds, and rude storms, that brood over the land, and seem to sing a requiem to the hope of a bountiful harvest? How is he cheered and animated in his labors, when, like the prophet, he feels that God reigns on high, and directs the seasons in their course, and will make the end redound to his glory? Yes, we can well say with another prophet—'It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.' How sweet was the hope of the glad days of spring, when gloomy and severe winter was around us, and how many robbed themselves of much comfort by useless and almost impious murmurings? But 'the winter is over, and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come;' and let not the gladness of the season be lost by vain indulgence in fear, but let gratitude and filial trust make our hearts cheerful, for 'to enjoy, is to obey.'

He who sprinkled such brilliant and exquisite colors on the plumage of birds, who bade them pour forth the gushing melody of gladness, who

tinted the rose and the violet, who penciled the flowers of the garden and the field, loaded the air with fragrance, and dyed the heavens with the thousand hues of loveliness and splendor—He who has spread a holy and gladsome smile on the fair face of nature, never meant that the hearts of his children should be gloomy in order to be pious. And well hath an ingenious writer observed: 'If the Author of nature chooses to dress his works in cheerfulness, his servants may be allowed to be cheerful, without the charge of heresy or impiety. The flowers of the field are as wicked in their ornaments as young men and young women are in theirs. Lambs that skip on the hills, are as irreligious in their redundancy of spirits, as a choir of dancing youths, in their liberality, activity, and grace. A *'true blue'* ought to shoot every beautiful bird that he sees, pull up every beautiful and fragrant flower, throw ink over all the golden hues of evening, and put a Quaker's drab suit on every form of cheerful nature.'

Not so be it with us. There is a time to laugh, and a time to cry; but while we remember the supremacy and goodness of a benevolent God, it becomes us not to be gloomy and sad, from vain causes, while the joyance, and profusion, of glad eyed summer are around us:

'When Flora decks the fields
With all her tapestry; and the choristers
Of every grove chant carols; mirth is come
To visit mortals. Every thing is blithe,
Jocund and jovial!'

The devotional applications of our subject, or the inferences that grow out of our meditations, and which are calculated to aid the devotional exercises of the mind, are these—that there is a reciprocative influence throughout universal nature,—an endless chain of causes and effects, all under the control and direction of God; according, therefore, as may be our views concerning the character of the Supreme, will be the joyous or sorrowful influence of this fact on our feelings; if we regard him as the universal and eternal Father, there can be no more happy thought than the idea that all things are under his supreme control—that the end will be joyous to all, and the petition of every human soul will be heard and granted; even as God hears the heavens, and they hear the earth, and the earth hears the corn, vine, and plant, and they hear man, and man is made glad and contented.

Dark and misguided minds have halted ere they arrived at the grand climax of our text;

some would shut out God from his universe, and others would admit him, but set limits to his goodness, utterly reckless of the Savior's illustrations furnished by the sun and rains. The first class of these misguided minds, who blend the denial of a God with the assertions of the text, are blind indeed. But yet they will declare that the sublime prophet Hosea, in the words of the passage we have quoted from him, favors their notions respecting the laws of absolute necessity, by which they assert nature in all her operations is governed. They tell us that man owes the earth his debt of gratitude—that he derives his support from her—that she hears the corn, and the wine, and the oil, who hear man; and the earth owes its fertility, and power to answer the call of the corn, grape, and olive, to the influences of the heavens kindly bestowed on her. Here is their end—here they pause in their flight of philosophy, and reach not the great First Cause—they remember not that the Lord hears the heavens, that he is the life and soul of all the power by which the heavens, the earth, and the corn, wine, and oil, hear and answer the wants of man.

If there be a mighty chain of causes and effects, there is a God who formed the chain; if there be laws that govern the universe, there is a God that instituted those laws; and if the works of nature display infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, there must be a designer, and that designer a God, whom no searching can find out to perfection. Atheism then being absurd in its declarations, and gloomy in its tendency, we turn to the truth, and receive the *whole* of the truth—that He that sits enthroned in the heaven of heavens, hears the heavens, and controls all things: holding the reins of the universe, he unaffected beholds the torrent of time bearing onward to decay all created beings, thrones crumbling to dust, monarchs vanishing, and empires dissolving—yet he is the same. 'Let the earth rejoice, and the multitude of the isles be glad—alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

The second class of misguided minds that mar the beauty of the sentiment of the words of Hosea, are not so blind as the former, but yet err greatly from the truth. It is man, presumptuous man, that has taught them to limit the benignity of God, and not the scriptures; for if there is one clearly revealed truth in the good book of our God, it is this—that God is purely good, and universally benignant, and that as all

his intelligent creatures are capable of being restored to holiness and happiness, a universal restoration will in due time take place. This is the end and purpose of his gracious operations, and it is an end and purpose worthy of an all powerful, wise, and beneficent God.

In view of such an end of the Creator's government, who that owns a benevolent heart will not cry out—Amen! Such a glorious result is worthy of the workings of Infinite Love, and reflects the highest honor on the everlasting God; and with a firm conviction of its truth rooted in the heart, the soul can cry out with the royal poet: 'It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, to sing praises unto thy name, O most High! To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night; for thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work; I will triumph in the works of thy hands. O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.'

With these feelings in our breast, let us go out into nature's vast temple of grandeur and beauty—let us view God in all therein, from the humblest wild-flower that springs up at our feet, to the unutterable glories of the spacious heavens; all sprang into existence at the creative word of Jehovah, and they hear his voice and obey, and man is blessed. For the gladness of the summer day, and the delights of the summer eve, let God be praised; for the beauty of the garden and the field, the music of the birds and the streams, thanks be to him that hears the heavens.

B*.

East Cambridge.

Ridicule not the Melancholy.

Original.

THERE are many fearful souls in the world. He who made the heart, has often given the keenest sensitive feelings to such, and permits at times the cloud to come over the mind that entirely veils the world's brightness and joy;—then it is that the poet will sing in sincerity—

'I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays,
Would lure me to live over.
'There rose no day, there rolled no hour
Of pleasure unembittered;
And not a trapping decked my power,
That galled not while it glittered.'

It is melancholy of heart that causes men to sing thus; in those misanthropic hours they are

persuaded that earth is all wo and sorrow—that life has not given one hour they would live over, nor one joy worth remembering. Many suicides might have been prevented had some generous friend strove to calm the tempestuous mind, and encouraged hopes for the future. How much is in the words of a suicide, who left the following note to his friends: ‘I have tried the best I can for a living for eight years, and every thing goes against me, and sometimes I feel lost.’

How blessed would to him have been a kind friend with the disposition of Manoah’s wife, to encourage him, and cheer his drooping spirits. Well hath it been observed in relation to this suicide—‘Who that hath lived long, and passed through difficulties, has not been led sometimes to exclaim—It had been better for me that I had not been born; and yet when the cloud passed away, when the voice of friendship, the soothing and encouraging solicitude of domestic affection, and the admitted influences of religion, have been allowed, how cheerful the sunlight that falls upon the agitated waters of the mind. How salutary then, would it be, when a human being is thus seen desponding, thus cast down, and out of love with life, for some one to assume the duties and privileges of friendship, to converse kindly, to sympathise with the sufferer—not to chide, not to ridicule—admit a cause for melancholy, but point to a greater cause for fortitude and cheerfulness.’

Would to God that such a benevolent and friendly spirit were more common in our world; and that there were fewer who strive to cure melancholy by laughing at the sufferer, and dooming him to seek solitude, and there nourish griefs that sympathy might cure. Solomon hath said wisely—‘As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart.’ And about as grateful is it to rob us of clothing when the cold bleak winds of winter are whistling around us, as it is to pour gay ditties into the sorrowful ear; and there are many who by want of thought, rather than by want of feeling, add to the weight of others’ sufferings. It is not in the nature of some to be as constantly cheerful as others; and there are many associated together in the same home, who are very different in their natural temperaments.

Then let us be kind to each other; let ridicule be too detestable in our sight for us to use it; and remember at all times that others pos-

sess tender feelings which are as easily wounded as our own. And that we may have an antidote to vain fears, let us put our trust in God—let our faith strengthen in an over-ruling Providence, and let us believe that God is not far from every one of us. In health, such a trust will make our joys more vivid; in sickness, it will keep our minds calm and resigned; and at death it will gild the valley of the tomb with the golden rays of immortality. Such a trust will keep the parent from indulging undue anxiety for the children, and teach them that as their children put their trust in them, so should the parents have confidence in God, whose love is sure, whose ways are above our comprehension, and whose power and wisdom none can limit or defeat.

The Orphan.

Original.

SPEAK kindly to the orphan, and deal not harshly with him who has none to defend him. Once a parent’s arms sheltered the homeless one in the hour of trouble, and when sickness assailed him, on a mother’s soft bosom he reposed his aching head. Mark the cloud upon his young brow—see the thoughtful expression of his youthful countenance. He dwells in fancy on other days, when a father’s house gave him shelter alike from winter’s cold and summer’s heat. He remembers the table—humble though it may have been—at which he once sat down with his kind and natural protectors. He felt that he had a right there, for his father’s labor had procured the viands, and his mother’s hand had spread the repast. Yes, even he once had a home. Although he seeks not our sympathy, although he mutters no complaint, yet his young heart is keenly alive to the contrast. He is now among strangers. He is admitted as a matter of favor to sit down and partake with the children of others. They are free and at their ease, but he feels himself to be an object of charity. He hears the kind indulgent tones with which they are addressed—he sees the tender glance with which the mother surveys her own offspring, and thinks ‘thus did my mother bend her fond looks upon me—thus did her silvery voice, in accents of love, bid my young heart rejoice in her affection. But now there is no mother’s yearning heart to beat for me. When I am sick, my bed is smoothed by the hand of strangers, and the

voices which fall upon my ear are not the tones of tenderness. Who will rejoice at my success when I launch forth into the world—who will watch my course among men, and earnestly pray that no evil may befall me? Who will give me advice when I tread the slippery paths of youth, and send me forth among men with blessings on my head, and prayers for my preservation. None. I am a poor branch broken from the parent tree. I must wither or bud alone. None can feel for me as a parent would, and I have no parent. These are some of the thoughts which must necessarily weigh down the spirits of the homeless orphan. Shall we not then do all we can to alleviate his condition? Shall we not, at least, withhold the language of unkindness, and bestow words of encouragement when we have nothing else to offer? Well has a poet said that 'orphans have claims on charitable souls,' and I believe that such is the structure of the human heart, and such its sympathies that those claims are frequently acknowledged. But I fear that, on the other hand, the destitute and defenceless condition of the orphan, sometimes exposes him to ill usage and the impositions of the base. It is a shocking sight to see the fatherless imposed upon. The scriptures speak, in no common terms of reproach, of the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless; and even the spirit of true religion is described as being comprised in yielding our assistance to this unfortunate portion of our fellow creatures,—'For what is true religion and undefiled before God, but to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keep thyself unspotted from the world.' Without this benevolent and charitable disposition and temper, our long prayers are mockery, and our professions are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

It is the heart and the purposes of the heart by which we are judged in the eye of Heaven, and it is by our actions that the heart is judged in the eye of our fellow creatures. An extortioner, he who defrauds the hireling of his wages, or taketh away the heritage of the fatherless, cannot be a good man let his professions be what they may. And how can we esteem him a christian who takes advantage of the defencelessness of a fellow creature to oppress him—who tramples upon the helpless orphan? His christianity may be good in theory, but it is bad in practice, and what is theory good for without

practice? It is like the boundary lines of a city—the limits of a large town in prospective, which is not yet built—a mere plan without a single edifice erected. To Universalists especially, this subject is one of no common moment. We, of all men, should practice mercy in our life and conversation. We ascribe boundless mercy to God, and regard it as his most lovely attribute. How can we be deemed sincere—how can we be supposed to possess a living and heartfelt regard for that divine quality unless we show, by our conduct, that we think it worth imitating. Young men who go to the theatre and become deeply interested in some individual performer, who admire his style and manner of delivery, will often be heard declaiming themselves, and endeavoring to imitate those tones and gestures for which they have so much partiality, and perhaps it will result in their going on the stage themselves; but if the rage of imitation is natural in such cases as these, how much more natural and praiseworthy is it to endeavor to imitate those qualities which we ascribe to a pure and holy God—qualities which cleanse and purify the heart, which dignify human nature, and make us worthy to be considered the children of our heavenly Father. Without these qualities we cannot be deemed Universalists, and have no living faith in the doctrines which we profess. c.

Education.

Original.

THE duty to instruct our offspring in the great truths of virtue and religion, is frequently enjoined in scripture; and to the rational mind of man nothing can be more plain than the reasonableness of such a duty. I know it is sometimes objected that by teaching the young the great doctrines of our religion, we give them a bias before they are old enough to judge for themselves—that we bend the young twig in a direction from which it cannot recover itself when it shall arrive at maturity. And it is argued from these premises, that we make our children bigots—blind to the justice of things, and incapable of forming an opinion of their own. This might be better reasoning, if the mind of the child would remain a blank until he had attained to years of discretion. But it might as well be argued, that if we saw a boat adrift in an eddy, it would be wrong to give it such a direction as we

conceived to be right, and that we should let it take its own chance for taking the right course. There would be much risk in this proceeding, for the boat would not remain stationary. There would be currents and counter currents, and one way or the other it would certainly go. Now since the active mind of a human being cannot remain quiescent even in childhood—as it must take some bent, and as, if it does not receive its opinions from one source it will receive them from another—as it cannot be without bias of some sort, since circumstances will govern it and contribute to its thoughts and its opinions, why should we not aim to furnish it with ideas and with sentiments culled by our own more experienced hand, and according to the best of our knowledge. It may be answered that most parents have faults, and will therefore teach their children something wrong. That parents have faults may be true, but natural affection alone will induce the parent to teach his child the right way, and encourage him to walk in it. Jesus says, 'Ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children,' and that parent must indeed have reached the last stage of depravity who does not, at least, know what is right and desire that his children should practise it. However evil may be his own ways, he will not let his children witness his depravity if he can avoid it. Sir Walter Scott has justly delineated the feelings of a father upon this point in his *Rob Roy*. That bold outlaw who gloried in the wild and felonious life which he led, so far as he himself was concerned, regretted with tears in his eyes, when conversing with Frank Osbaldistone that his sons should be obliged to lead the life of their father.

But it is not with such men that we are peculiarly concerned in our examination of this subject. It is a misfortune for children to be born of parents who are not thoroughly imbued with the necessity of a moral and religious life. Such parents, if they do not believe in *prejudicing* the young mind in favor of virtue and piety, should remember that they are continually prejudicing their tender offspring in favor of vice and irreligion. Yes, with all their tolerance and fear of giving a direction to the juvenile mind before it is able to form opinions of its own, they are exercising a tremendous influence upon the minds of their children. They are teaching their children not by words, which might be forgotten, not by precepts and verbal instructions, which

are in too many instances unattended to, but by the powerful and influential teachings of *EXAMPLE*, which is always attended to, and is never forgotten by the young. They teach them, and grind into their very hearts the first principles of wrong and impiety by their sinful example, and yet are so scrupulous about prejudice, that they will not bestow a single precept to counteract this wicked and powerful teacher. But admitting that the young mind is not turned from virtue by the example of evil parents, still are there no other examples to influence them? Are they not daily in the habit of witnessing sin in others with whom they are unavoidably thrown into contact? Their minds cannot therefore be left blank and unbiassed until they have grown up to maturity. If they are not biassed in favor of the right, they will be swayed to the wrong. It is therefore to the conscientious man, to the friend of God and of his fellow creatures, that we would urge the necessity of making his offspring partakers of the same spirit by which he is actuated. If they do not need to be taught the right way, because it is plain to every unprejudiced mind, still they need to be taught it because their minds will not be unprejudiced. They will early take sides either with the right or the wrong; and let us secure their services for the army of the just, or they will go over to the army of the aliens. Their minds will not stand still until they have become old enough to form an opinion on the impartial merits of the question. Education is therefore a subject of the highest importance. c.

The Consumptive Maiden.

Original.

Joy was out over the earth, and drest
Each hill and valley in glowing smiles
Of sunny gladness; the flowers put on
Their richest robes of bloom and beauty,
As if a gala-day had come; the
Blossoming and budding trees, through which
The sun profusely poured its radiance,
Gilding the leaves, and tinging the soft
And snow-white blossoms with rosy hue,
Shone with unrivalled splendor; the birds
Filled the air with melody, and gave
Enchantment to the all lovely scene,
Enough to make the sad heart merry.
There was one whose seventeenth summer
Had just dawned, who suffering long with meek
And patient spirit had waited for
The time of flowers and of singing birds;
For many a voice had bid her hope
To drink in health with the fragrant air
Of balmy June; that time had come,
And there she lay still panting for breath

Within the room where each object round
Recalled dark hours of anguish, and made
Her eager to go forth where green leaves,
And bright running streams, might speak to her
Of health and gladness ; in vain the wish,
For she must die while fair nature's halls
Were full of life, bloom, and merriment ;
And thus she poured forth her lament :—

I've lived to see the winter's gloom,
The ice and snow all pass away,
The trees and flowers are all in bloom,
And must I now, O God, decay ?
No more to look upon the sun,
Or feel the fresh and balmy air ;
No more through the green fields to run,
And pluck the flowers for garland fair ;
No more to linger on the shore,
When moonbeams rest upon the sea ;
No more to hear the ocean's roar,
Or list the south wind's melody.

I'm weary of this darkened room,
It seems so like the silent grave ;
O take me, mother, from its gloom,
And let me see the green grass wave,
And greet the fragrance of the rose,
That still will live when I shall die,
And when the tomb shall o'er me close,
'Twill please my sister's smiling eye.
Hark ! mother, hear the warblers sing ;
How sweet is now their morning song !
O let me see them on the wing,—
'Twill surely make thy child feel strong.

Ah ! lay me down again, I'm weak ;
My languid limbs are helpless now ;
I feel a warm flush on my cheek,
A dampness rests upon my brow ;
My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
A heavy weight is on my heart ;
O is this death ? O can it be ?
Come, kiss me mother, ere we part.
Nay, weep not on me, for thy tears
Cannot like dew revive the flower,
But God, who heart to heart endears,
Will bear me to a heavenly bower.

She died ; and ne'er did an infant lay
Its head upon the dear mother's breast,
And fall asleep more calmly than she.

East Cambridge.

Religion.

Original.

Much injury has doubtless been done to the cause of religion by unwise and superstitious men, who, possessing a natural disposition toward all that is gloomy and dark, have hung their horrors upon the very horns of the altar, and frightened away those who would draw near with their offerings. We might even suppose that this unfavorable view of the subject of religion was natural to the human family, and that previous to the coming of Jesus, and the issuing of a bright and cheerful dispensation into the world, many good men were prone to dress up

religion in the most repulsive robes which they could put upon her. But Jesus says, 'when ye pray, do not as the Scribes and the Pharisees who disfigure their faces, but thou when thou prayest anoint thy head and wash thy face'—in other words, he tells them to be cheerful and composed when they approach their Father which is in heaven. This gloomy view of religion is not confined to one class of men. It is observed among heathen nations, whose forms of worship are of a most melancholy description. Some sects wound and lacerate their bodies in the most cruel manner. Some christians deny themselves every innocent enjoyment, and appear to think that to insure happiness in the next world, they must make themselves thoroughly miserable in this state of being. But I believe that those who try the experiment will find that 'godliness is great gain,' and that 'there is a repentance not to be repented of.' They will see no cause for receiving true religion as they would an unpalatable dose which causes them to distort their countenances.

The young are frequently discouraged from applying themselves to an examination of the truth, because their exuberant and joyous spirits recoil at the idea of embracing a system fraught with gloom and every thing which can affect their usual cheerfulness. But this is not because there is any thing in religion itself calculated to destroy cheerfulness of temper. It is because they have remarked the austerity, the sourness, the gravity, and may I not say the illiberality of those who professed to be 'set for the defence of the gospel.'

Another cause that religion is spoken against, I consider peculiarly unjust. When persons, who have never experimentally known the truth do, at length, begin to examine the subject, they require that every thing connected with it should be fully explained to their understandings. They do not inquire, what is there that I can do ? What evil practice should I now relinquish, or what good deed should I enact ? But they immediately begin to cavil on some abstruse and metaphysical point which has no bearing upon their duty and their present condition in life. Why should they treat the subject of religion in this rigid manner ? Is it not because they take little interest in it ? This is not the way in which they deal with other systems and topics. If they were about learning a language, they would not require that at the beginning every thing apper-

B*.

taining to the study of it should be satisfactorily explained to them. They would, on the other hand, commence with the grammar and go on step by step, until they arrive at the more advanced stages. If they were about studying astronomy for the purpose of applying it to some business in life—navigation for instance—they would not insist, at the outset, upon knowing what the sun is composed of, and what were the names of those stars which can only be seen by the aid of the telescope. They would study those peculiar branches which were necessary for them to know, and which they could apply to practical purposes, and leave the rest to him who knows all things, and who, in his own good time, may enlighten us with respect to them. What should we think of the traveller who, in going a journey, should insist before he set out upon knowing the precise situation of every tree and rock—the exact height of every mountain, and the temperature of the air for seven miles above his head, throughout the road which he was about to take? Should we not say that he was needlessly curious, and might he not spend his whole life in making inquiries, without ever stirring a step on his journey. Thus do many spend their whole brief span of existence in caviling and raising objections, in establishing and demolishing theories with respect to religion without stirring a step on the road to virtue and happiness. Far different was the injunction of Jesus—‘Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.’ Every man knows what sin doth most easily beset him. Let him then apply himself to its cure and total eradication; and thus he will go on, from strength to strength; the still small voice will be heard saying, ‘This is the way, walk in it’—and if there are rocks, trees, or mountains to be encountered on the road, he will find it out when he arrives at them.

But why this extreme cautiousness with regard to religion? Why is its reception so strongly opposed on the very threshold? Why must we be satisfied on every point, whether it concerns us or not, whether its application can be made to our present state of being or otherwise, whether it is within the compass of human judgment, or whether it is a theme meet for the sublimated intelligence of angels? Is it not because we are averse to entering upon those duties which religion enjoins? Is it not because we are disposed to offer some excuse for neglect-

ing our highest interest—because the good seed is choked by the thorns and brambles of worldly business—and because we would rather put off the ‘great concerns of an eternal world’ to another, and a more convenient season?

We would not deal thus with the affairs of time. We would not insist on having every thing connected with them explained to us. Men plunge into business and into speculation without waiting to be satisfied that the money which they receive or which they pay away has existed in the bowels of the earth for six thousand or ten thousand years. They speculate in cloths without insisting upon being told the number of threads in each piece, and whether the rain which descended upon it while it was on the sheep’s back, fell in summer or in winter. They know that these things have no bearing upon the subject of trade—that they are not necessary to be known, and that if they were known, it would not enhance the value of the article a jot. Yet in religion, in the most vital and important business which can engage the attention of man, we must know things not necessary to be known, or which are beyond human comprehension, before we will proceed to the fulfilment of the most easy and self-evident duty. There are points connected with religion which cannot be explained; but the revelation of God has made all our duty perfectly intelligible; and he has written, as with his finger upon the heavens, the law of conscience in the breast of every rational being. If we are puzzled to account for some things in the Providence of God, the reason is plain. The ant knows not the reason that the ploughshare is driven over his little hill, but the farmer knows that there is a wise cause for it. Our short vision cannot embrace the purposes of the Almighty—but, because His purposes are too great for us to scan, shall we refuse to obey the very reasonable and holy requisitions of the divine law? Shall we refuse to accept the benign religion of Jesus which breathes ‘peace on earth and good will to men,’ because we cannot tell why the stars appear by night, and why death is permitted to ravage the creation? We do not refuse to eat and drink—to make money—and enjoy the delights of this world, incomprehensible as the above phenomena may be. Why then refuse to partake of the greater good which is offered for our acceptance? Why refuse to eat heavenly food, and to taste the delights of a pure conscience and

the approval of the spirit of truth, since 'nothing can harm us if we be followers of that which is good.'

Peculiarities of Siam. No. III.

Original.

THERE is a small body of people residing in Bangkok, who deserve a passing notice; they are the descendants of the Portuguese who penetrated into the country, and established colonies in the days of that nation's former prosperity and commercial enterprise. Among these people, the Portuguese language is still spoken, and they adhere to the Catholic superstitions of their ancestors, strangely amalgamated with the heathenism of the country, though in dress and personal habits generally, they assimilate the native Siamese, and in point of morals, are sunk even to a lower state of degradation, if that be possible.

Hearing of a celebration of a religious nature among these people, I had the curiosity to go and see how *they* managed these things in Siam; and the result verified the assertion of one of the American missionaries, that these people were even more hopeless in their degradation, than the native heathen. When I arrived on the ground, on the occasion above alluded to, there was formed a procession of some hundred and fifty individuals, who were moving in great solemnity after a pagoda, raised about ten or twelve feet above the ground, and carried about by a dozen men; in front of this, two lads most ludicrously dressed, bore a vessel which probably contained the sacerdotal bread, and two others the vessels for wine, &c. Under the pavilion, or pagoda, walked a priest, holding a small image covered with cloth drapery, which he kept the whole time close to his lips, and appeared to be in the act of kissing continually. After these came about fifty young children, dressed in loose white robes, with broad gilded bands about the waist, large gilded wings attached to the shoulders, and a coronet upon the head, ornamented with flowers; each carried in his hand a vase filled with flowers; then came a long procession of half naked people, dressed after the usual manner of the Siamese. An area of about two hundred feet square, was inclosed in front of a church, extending down the sides of the building; pennons, and emblems of various descriptions, were reared in this inclosure, the partition

barrier being composed of green boughs broken and trimmed for the occasion, and ornamented with flowers; outside of the inclosure, was raised a high platform, under which were placed two bells and two Chinese gongs, upon all of which about a dozen stout fellows beat with various instruments, eliciting all the noise possible. This procession moved up the side of the church, until the pagoda was at the head of the inclosure in front, the whole multitude bawling some kind of a chant at the top of their lungs, led by two half naked old men playing upon the violin. The two lads in the fancy dress nearest the sacred emblem, carried censers, which they swung towards it, alternately smoking and without fire; a profusion of wax candles accompanied the concern, although the sun blazed upon the whole scene with a dazzling light. The procession having become stationary, the lads in wings, kneeled, salamed and paraded about for nearly an hour, going through many evolutions until they finally entered the church, filling the air with the flowers they carried in their vases. As I left, the chant was still heard ringing through the open casement of the church, and bell and gong were pealing forth their murderous din.

The missionary laborers, of which the christian world hear so much, have penetrated into Siam and some of the neighboring countries; there were at Bangkok three individuals attached to the Baptist Board, and six attached to the Presbyterian Board; among them there are four ladies. Their residences are as comfortable as could be expected for the place, but when contrasted with the ease and comfort of the United States, I could not but feel strongly affected with the sacrifices they had made, particularly as several females were among the number thus secluded from the sphere in which they were born and educated to move, and to which they might have been an ornament,—looked upon with little favor by the inhabitants generally, and with bitter enmity by the talepains,—among a people whose customs are so averse to the usages of Europe or America, and with no associates but the little band attached to the mission. However much one may disagree with them upon the object they have in view, the sincerity of their motives can scarcely be called in question. In front of one location, two small monuments caught my eye, and upon examination, I found they were erected over the remains of a

celebrated English lady, and a child of one of the American board. I have often wandered among the tombs of the dead, and busied myself in deciphering the inscriptions of a graveyard, always feeling sensibly affected by the scene; but never have the feelings thus inspired, left so melancholy an impression, as the two humble monuments raised upon this distant soil, as the last act of duty and affection towards those who slept beneath. The climate is peculiarly unfavorable to children; and during my stay a lovely child was added to the number of its victims.

As to the effect produced by the mission, so far as I was able to learn, from six years labor among these people, not a dozen converts to christianity have been made, and I can but view the scheme of converting the Eastern nations to christianity, through the medium of Foreign Missions, as wild and visionary in the extreme. However much I may pity them for the privations they undergo, I am of opinion, *that one tenth part of the expenditure judiciously applied at home, would relieve more misery, and advance the cause of christianity more than all their efforts in the East.* A dispensary is attached to the mission, and medicines are distributed gratis; this draws great numbers of the afflicted, and upon Sundays they preach to them in Siamese; and upon the back of all their written prescriptions is inscribed, in the Siamese language, some precept of the christian religion. One hundred to one hundred and fifty are prescribed for daily. I once visited this establishment when 'in full tide of successful operation,' and such a collection of human misery and disease, I never before witnessed. The patients were mainly afflicted with cutaneous diseases, and such as are engendered by low and vicious habits. Many were quite blind, some with the eyes grown out from the sockets, and protruding their sightless and film covered balls half an inch from the head. The leprous cases were most distressing to look upon; there were those whose fingers and toes had ulcerated and actually dropped off, while the poor object was emaciated to a skeleton; ulcers and wounds of the most foul and festering description, bunions, distorted joints, shrunk shanks, &c. without number. Amidst this disgusting congregation of disease and suffering, the physician attached to the board, and his lady, spend a portion of their time, daily.

Most that I have said heretofore, has been in relation to the higher and middling classes of

society; circumstances once led me amongst the low and dissolute portion of the population—a sailor having deserted the vessel, he was most likely to be harbored among this class, and in company with two others I rambled over a large portion of Bangkok, situated upon dry land upon the east side of the river. A more wretched spot for human habitation, I should not wish to behold. There is nothing that deserves the name of street or road throughout the place; narrow, filthy lanes, with a raised pavement in the centre, about two feet wide, composed of broken bricks, and in a ruinous condition, were the only thoroughfares; houses, smiths' shops, confectioners' establishments, tailors, tinkers, &c. were all crowded together, with fish stalls, meat markets, and the shops of all sorts of handicraft, in one confused mass, while at times the stench arising from heaps of rubbish and offal, was intolerable. Amidst these miserable habitations, were scattered some shops of a more respectable appearance; we passed through a large bazaar, which seemed to belong to the Chinese, and was much more decent than aught else I noticed among these abodes of filth and wretchedness; but the same narrow lanes were the only means of access, and they were mixed in the most comical manner with pig sties, poultry yards, and the like. In the search, we entered many of the dwellings in the outskirts, and such a picture of human misery and degradation, united with the lowest vice and profligacy, I have no wish to witness again. Disease, poverty, and squalid wretchedness, were the prevailing characteristics on every side, while the debauched habits of the people gave little promise of reformation or improvement. It is astonishing that fevers and pestilence do not sweep away the whole mass of population. So intense was the heat, and so close and confined the atmosphere, that the hour spent here, almost exhausted our party, and we returned home heartily sick of the expedition.

Much more might be said, but I will close these hasty sketches, by a few remarks on the dress and personal appearance of the Siamese. They are much better looking than their neighbors, the Chinese, Malays, or Cochin-Chinese; their features more regular, and their action much more graceful; they are of a full copper color, with full eyes, and rather a sedate and pleasant cast of countenance, much less insipid in appearance than the Chinese, whose small

eyes and flat noses give them a stupid appearance, and more comely than the Malays, whose broad mouths and high cheek bones, form quite a contrast to the regularity of features among the Siamese. In form, they are generally erect, and finely shaped; light and elastic in their movements, and seldom approaching to corpulency. In dress, they expose the person more than any people I noticed in the East; the feet, legs, breast, and arms, among the males and the lower orders of females, being left entirely bare. The two sexes generally dress so nearly alike, that upon a first introduction among them, it is extremely difficult to distinguish them, except when some obvious personal marks are exposed. They shave the head close, with the exception of a small patch upon the crown, extending as far front as the hair grows upon the forehead, which they cut about an inch and a half in length, oil freely with cocoa-nut oil, and brush back and cause to stand erect. They are gentle and inoffensive in their deportment to strangers, kind and agreeable in their social intercourse, but idle and indolent in the extreme. Their food consists of rice, vegetables, and the various fruits of the country; rice, as with the Chinese, being their principal dependence. Chewing the beetel nut, is a universal practice among both sexes; this is perhaps the most disgusting of their common habits to an European or American; the teeth and mouth are blackened and disfigured in the most filthy manner by this practice, and however well looking a Siamese *belle* may be, it is extremely difficult to reconcile her black teeth and filthy mouth, to the taste of the more civilized nations.

E. H.

Boston, Mass.

Devotion.

Original.

AMONG all the pleasures which God has given to man, that of devotion stands the highest. It elevates the affections, and places them on God. It refines and purifies the heart, and prepares it for the dwelling place of every moral excellence.

But some mistake the nature of true devotion. They forget that it is a tender plant, and needs cultivation. Blair has a very excellent observation, illustrative of this point. 'They who would rush all at once from the arms of the world into the sacred retreat of devotion; they who imagine that retreat to stand always ready for

the reception of such as betake themselves to it, for no reason but because every other refuge is excluded them, betray gross ignorance of this part of religion. They bring to it, faculties unqualified to taste its pleasures, and they grasp at hopes to which they are not entitled. By incorporating with devotion the unnatural mixture of their unsanctified passions, they defile and corrupt it.' Hence, many who come to religion in a late hour, do not find, perhaps, all that the truly devout have ascribed to it. The fault is not in religion; it is in themselves. He who would enjoy all the pleasures of devotion must begin early to cultivate the principles which it cherishes. Its design is to fit us for discharging the duties of life with faithfulness. It regulates the passions, and refines every unhallowed desire.

Many suppose that to be devotional, the mind must be kept in a constant state of excitement. Such persons evidently lose sight of that secret devotion so earnestly and affectionately recommended by the Savior of the world. It is true, devotion will sometimes carry the mind upward, as it were to the very courts of heaven. At such times the feelings can hardly be restrained. They break forth in pure and elevated strains. The whole soul is on fire. All heaven and earth seem at once to be turned into scenes of surpassing loveliness and beauty. God is seen in every thing. The whole soul is absorbed in his glory. Everything has a voice of praise to him. God is felt in the balmy breeze of the morning; he is read inscribed in characters of light in the blue expanse of the starry firmament, and embroidered in flowers of love on the green mantle of Spring. A voice 'comes out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. Then is heard the voice of a great multitude,' like 'the voice of many waters,' and 'mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

Though devotion may thus elevate the soul, yet it must be remembered, that our spirits unclothed with immortality, could hardly bear such perpetual rapture. We are, therefore, to bear in mind that when it comes in the still small voice, its whisperings should not be unheeded. God is heard in the warblings of the birds, as well as in the trumpet tones of the wintry hurricane.

Let us all then cultivate a spirit of devotion.

God has presented everywhere bright and living manifestations of his moral perfections. But it is the truly devout alone that can enjoy his presence. The secret of truth and virtue is revealed only to those who seek with purity and singleness of mind to discover it. When we yield to irregular desires, and disturb the grand concert of the Universe with the dissonant uproar of vicious indulgences, we are forthwith punished by an incapacity to hear and enjoy it. Let us pray that God would establish the power and spirit of devotion in our hearts; then will our thoughts be pure, and our lives happy. Then shall we look forward to the consummation of all things, when pure and rational devotion will fill the universe forever.

C. S.

Sabbath School Anniversaries.

Original.

CONDUCTORS of Sabbath Schools, who have never tried the experiment, cannot be aware of the good effects that follow the celebration, in an interesting manner, of the anniversary. We have tried it, and have been much gratified with the life and spirit it seems to impart to the whole school—the children long for its return, and speak of it for months before it arrives. We recommend this plan to the notice of Teachers, and here present the original Hymns sung at the last anniversary of the Berean Sabbath School, attached to the Universalist Society at East Cambridge, written by the pastor.

INTRODUCTORY HYMN.

WE praise Thee as our God and Friend !
On whom our feeble race depend,
For life, and breath, and all
That glads our path, as on we tread
To the dark chambers of the dead,
Obedient to thy call.

We praise Thee as the great Supreme !
Who bade the light of glory beam
On our benighted mind ;
That we in sorrow's weak'ning hour,
A strengthening and sustaining power,
In holy faith might find.

We praise Thee as the guide of youth !
For the clear counsels of thy truth,
That lead, cheer, and restrain ;
And bid us flee all wrong desires,
That kindle in the breast the fires
Of guilt, remorse, and pain.

We praise Thee, Sovereign of the year !
That still thy smiles are on us here,
Smiles of a Father's love !
And O our prayer, that thou wouldst be
Still with us by thy mercy free,
Hear thou in Heaven above !

TEACHERS HYMN.

WE come with hearts of feeling,
With songs of joyful praise,
And to our God appealing,
The grateful tribute raise ;

For in our breasts are thrilling
Sweet, happy thoughts of Thee,
Our hearts with pleasure filling,
Since thou the same wilt be.

O God ! thou still art blessing
Us, as thy children dear,
And we thy truth possessing,
Would live in holy fear ;
And to the young imparting
The counsels of thy word,
That they from sin departing,
May trust and serve their Lord.

Be thou still near protecting
Our flock from dangers round ;
And none thy voice neglecting,
Among our lambs be found ;
But e'er the paths pursuing
That lead through pastures green,
Where peaceful streams are flowing,
May they by Thee be seen.

HYMN SUNG BY THE CHILDREN.

KINDLY, Father ! though hast led us
Through a year that now is past :
Friends and teachers still are spared us,
Many blessings round us cast.

O for these, and for the promise
That thou e'er wilt do us good,
We would raise the humble off'ring
Of a hymn of gratitude.

May we feel that from thy favor
Come the smiles of morning light,
All that cheers the passing moments,
And the peace and rest of night.

Make us, Lord, to love our teachers,
All the friends whom thou hast given ;
And may we delight to listen
To the voice that speaks of Heaven.

Guide us, Father ! as we travel,
Guard us from each sinful way ;
When our earthly journey 's ended,
In thy presence may we stay.

The Sun of Righteousness.

Original.

I SAT in the porch of an ancient house and looked out upon the surrounding plain. The landscape was shrouded in mist. The tree tops were obscured by the wreathing clouds that lay like banks of thick smoke among the foliage. The pleasant meadows were hidden from my sight, and the running streams were dull and tiresome to the eye. The cattle upon the distant hills could be heard, as they occasionally lifted up their voices amid the darkness. The air was chill and uncomfortable. The loveliness of the earth was gone, and there was nothing desirable in its appearance. My spirits became heavy in

consonance with the scene, and I was about retiring to a more comfortable apartment within, when suddenly a broad stream of light began to play dimly through the mist and illumine the distant forest. The bright sun poured his rays upon the plain. The mist fled fast away, and, wreathing, like a wounded serpent, was soon driven from the field. Where all had been obscurity and darkness, light sprung up. The hill tops in their green livery smiled serene, the waves sparkled with triumph, and the bounding rills glittered in the beams of the glorious sun. The blossoming trees of the orchards, the wide-branching oaks, and the lofty pines stood apparent in all their majesty and beauty. The songsters of the grove displayed their gay plumage, and the air was filled with warmth and pleasantness. I walked forth in the fields and rejoiced in the change which a few short moments had wrought in reviving nature.

Thus, said I, did the sun of righteousness dispel the mists and clouds of heathen philosophy and ignorance. Thus did he break forth upon the world and enlighten the children of men with the knowledge of the true God and his glorious purposes. Life and immortality were brought to light, and the cloud of death was lifted from the face of the earth. Let us then open our eyes to his rays, and not hide like the moles and the bats in dark places; for there is healing on his wings, and he comes to bless and save mankind. Meet him in the way of his coming, and all tears will be wiped from the eyes of those who rejoice in his coming. Such are the promises of the gospel, and I may confidently ask every one who has tasted for himself, if those promises have not been realized.

The Gospel.

Original.

THE founder of christianity and his disciples were remarkable for their simplicity. What particularly strikes us on opening the recorded history of Jesus and his apostles is the freedom from all affectation—the simple statement of facts without any attempt at display or ostentation on the part of the writers. They are relating the history of the most momentous events that ever occurred on the face of the globe—the most important to man, and the most honorable to the Creator. Yet we find no vapid declamation, no eulogistic flights, no interpolations in order to

place their own conduct or that of the other apostles in a fairer light. All is concise, simple, and plain. No man so wise that he may cavil at its teachings, and none so ignorant but he may understand the instruction which it contains. Can this be said of any other history or any other work that we have seen? I think not. The men who wrote the gospels wrote them in the fear of God, and under a sense of high responsibility. They were not at liberty to interweave their own suggestions or their own fancies with the pure word of life. They wrote for all mankind, and for all future ages, and what they wrote was nothing but the pure and genuine ore flowing from the throne of God for the edification and building up of souls to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Benevolence.

Original.

THE brightest and richest virtue in the christian character is Benevolence. Without it, there is no christianity. We may observe all the forms of religion, and make long prayers. We may mortify the flesh, and rigidly abstain from outward crime; but unless we cultivate the holy affections which dwelt in Christ, and which the scripture declares to be the attributes of God, we can lay no just claim to the name of christians. If we are wholly absorbed in selfish pursuits—if we seek only our own advantage, and think not of our fellows—if we heed not the cry of the needy while we oppress him for the sake of gain—our professions of religion are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

The man who loves his fellows, and labors to do them good, must of necessity enjoy a happiness, which the worldly and the selfish know not of. How mistaken are the views of happiness which those entertain, who imagine that by grasping every earthly good within their reach, they will secure enjoyment. Happiness depends upon the state of the mind, and unless there be a power within to receive happiness we shall in vain seek it without. The possession of riches will not deprive a man of his own proper reflections; and while there is nothing in our conduct which our own hearts can approve, we shall fail of realizing that bliss which we have sacrificed our ease and our comfort to obtain. But in the benevolent heart there is a well of joy continually springing up which outward circumstances

cannot affect, and which will render us independent of the vicissitudes of time. He that loves his fellow creatures, and trusts the promises of his Creator, can never be an unhappy man.

Worship by the Rose Tree.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

AUTHOR of beauty, Spirit of power,
Thou, who didst will that the rose should be,
Here is the place, and this is the hour
To feel thy presence, and bow to thee !
Bright is the world with the sun's first rays ;
Clear is the dew on the soft, green sod ;
The Rose Tree blooms, while the birds sing praise,
And earth gives glory to nature's God.

Under this beautiful work of thine,
The flowery boughs, that are bending o'er
The glistening turf, to thy will divine
I kneel, and its Maker and mine adore.
Thou art around us. Thy robe of light
Touches the gracefully waving tree,
Turning to jewels the tears of night,
And making the buds unfold to thee.

Traced is thy name in delicate lines
On flower and leaf, as they dress the stem ;
Thy care is seen, and thy wisdom shines
In even the thorn, that is guarding them.
Now, while the Rose, that has burst her cup
Opens her heart, and freely throws
To me her odors, I offer up
Thanks to the Being, who made the Rose !

Christian Freedom.

Original.

THAT mind is free which patiently submits to ills its efforts could not avoid—and which under all the dark dispensations of providence pours forth the prayer—'Not my will, but thine O God be done.' That mind is free which spurns dictation from every source, however high, and goes forth itself, as with an eagle's wings, to see and explore the works and the word of the Most High—which scorns not the labor of searching for the truth, and which fears not to openly declare it when discovered. This is liberty—the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free. It is intellectual freedom—spiritual freedom—freedom of thought—freedom of soul—freedom from error—freedom from sin. A freedom which has been purchased for us by the sufferings and blood of Christ. We should cherish as we do that political liberty, bought by the toils and blood of our sainted fathers. When we think of Lexington and Concord—and Yorktown, let us not forget Nazareth and Mount Calvary. When we look with exulting eye, and kindling emotion, on the stars and stripes upon

our country's banner, let us not forget the cross by which our spiritual liberty was purchased.

We should stand fast in this liberty when temptations come thickly around us—when sin allures by its deceitful charms, and error in the stolen garbs of truth, would decoy us into danger, and triumph in our ruin. If we stand fast in this liberty we shall be safe when ambition, wealth, or passion, come to make us worship at their shrine. The liberty wherewith Christ makes us free, will give us strength to hold on to that sterling honesty—that unvarnished integrity—that sincerity of purpose—and nobleness of action, which the great and good in all ages, have lauded and admired, and which were so fully illustrated in the life of the Nazarene.

We should stand fast in this freedom, for it is the strongest and highest point we can occupy while we live upon this earth. While we keep this position, our feet are planted on a rock. While we keep this position, far beneath we see the turbulent waters of human passion heaving to and fro, and we may hear the surging of the angry waves, but they reach not our feet—they harm us not, for we are above and beyond the waters and the storm.

D. B. H.

Saugus, Mass.

'Durable Riches and Righteousness.'

Original.

THERE is moral sublimity in the view of the strugglings of virtuous poverty ; and though bright and beautiful may be the picture of the honest and noble minded increasing in wealth and dignity, yet there is holier beauty in beholding the oppressed and the unfortunate pressing on, and yielding not to one of the thousand temptations that crowd in their way to lure them from honorable integrity. In such we see the revealings of those solid virtues which are the basis of the characters of the excellent of the earth, and without which lofty stations and gorgeous wealth cannot enrobe man in his proper dignity. Adversity is the touchstone of virtue—the furnace in which the gold of the human character is tried, and which will show how much dross is mingled with it. Happy is he who can like Shadrach, Meschach, and Abednego, pass through this furnace unharmed ; and prove himself as true and firm when the storm bears in fury against him, as he was ere the cloud had gathered or the thunders burst over his head. Death is the

only victor of such a soul, and even when that mighty conqueror comes, he can triumph in the panoply of religion, feeling that God will make free the nobler part.

These reflections are the fruits of strong feelings excited by perusing a little sketch of a beloved family, and which brought back to my mind their history in all its freshness. This slight sketch shall now be used as I pray God to a good purpose. I will give the history to the world, and he that heeds it will not waste his mind on a wild fiction, but will give attention to what angels saw and admired.

Andrew Donald was born the heir of wealthy parents. He was the only child spared them, the others died in infancy. Lavishly fond of him, his parents spared no effort in his behalf, and all that learning and genius could do, was called into service, to unfold his capacities and powers, while his parents led him to the pure source of spiritual truth, and taught him of God, his purity, fidelity, and love. Andrew, like his divine Master, with reverence be it spoken, 'grew up in favor with God and men;' and when his father died, though he was but scarce fifteen, his mother felt she had a proud staff left to lean upon. He remembered that honored father's dying words—'Love God, and be honest!' and they formed a charm powerful to make him ever act with a high aim and noble purpose. If it be true—

'That ever round our head
Are hovering, on noiseless wings,
The spirits of the dead,'

it is also true that the enfranchised spirit of his father was never pained by the actions of that son.

Andrew was faithful to his mother as she had been to him. She had fixed in his mind the noblest principles, the sublime and pre-eminent teachings of the christian religion, and she partook of the fruit of her labors. She had inspired him with a deep and ardent love of the character of Jesus Christ, and he drank in full draughts of inspiration from the perusal of the history of the Beloved Son. No page of eloquence had the power to awaken his feelings like the record of the matchless exhibition on the cross, and especially the scene when Christ forgot all his own agonies, and made kind provision for his mother. Say not that it is vain to attempt to teach the young the great truths of the doctrine and history of Jesus, for it was such early

lessons that laid the foundation of the noble character of Andrew Donald.

At the age of twenty two he introduced into the family mansion a new mistress—a wife after his own heart, and one that his mother delighted to call daughter. Bright and beautiful for years was their path in life. Plenty was in their home, cheerfulness ever shone upon their features, and an elevated piety dwelt in their hearts, and influenced their conduct. A desired increase of family was not denied them, and when the twelfth anniversary of his marriage was celebrated, he found himself the father of a beautiful, intelligent and happy group of children. Riches with him then performed their proper office; they opened to his children sources of improvement, and he made his greatest delight, as it is the glory of a parent, to educate them, and they wanted not for teachers to instruct them in useful and ornamental accomplishments. His efforts were favored by the application of the pupils, and they grew up in beauty, both morally and intellectually. If ever a father was proud of his offspring, and had cause to be so, it was Andrew Donald.

* * * * *

The dark locks of Andrew Donald had now changed to a silvery whiteness, and though the vigor of his appearance, and the animation of his step gave proof that he was not yet infirm, still he felt the approach of enfeebling age. He had looked upon the changing seasons of sixty years, and with a thankful heart had enjoyed the bounty of a beneficent Parent. He never knew as yet what it was to want; and when he thought of his departure being near at hand, it afforded a sweet solace to feel assured that he should leave to his children a sufficiency to render them affluent. But 'certainty' is not written on any of the things of earth—'passing away,' is inscribed on the fairest and surest.

One evening in the summer of his sixty-first year, he entered his home with an expression on his countenance that bespoke deep sorrow. He entered the room where his wife and two of his children were, and sat down in silence. His wife was alarmed, for it was the first time he had entered the house with other than a cheerful look and kind greeting. 'What, what troubles you, my dear?' said she to him. 'More, I fear, than we can bear,' was his answer. 'Tell me, O tell me, Andrew,' said the wife, and the two children clung to him echoing the same request.

For a moment he looked on them with unspeakable grief, and then his features assumed a serene aspect, and he spoke calmly and with affection. He told them that crash upon crash in the commercial world had swept away the whole of his property, except their home and its furniture, and to honorably discharge all his accounts he should sacrifice the little left. He nobly resisted many temptations to keep back a portion, but resolved, let what would come, to be honest. His father's dying words still lingered on his ear.

'It is hard,' said he with a solemn tone, 'at my age to be thus deprived of all, living as we always have, in opulence. But we should be grateful for the use of wealth so long, and meet the reverse without murmuring or lament. How will you bear the blow, Mary?' added he to his wife. A paleness had spread over her face, and her frame had trembled violently, till he thus addressed her, and now the blood could be seen mantling her cheeks, and there was no quivering of her form as she threw her arms around his neck and answered—'As becomes the wife of Andrew Donald!'

The two children, his youngest, Harriet and Martha, begged their father not to fear for them, and rehearsed over many plans for the future. Ere a month had passed they were removed from the city into a beautiful village in the vicinity, and the two daughters had issued proposals for a school. Their plan was carried into full effect, and they gathered around them a large number of pupils for the higher branches of school education. All their accomplishments now became useful; their proficiency in drawing, music, and some of the foreign languages, enabled them to fulfil the wishes of the most opulent of their patrons. Their house being in a most beautiful situation, surrounded by most enchanting scenery, and delightful walks, and their personal graces being well known, several persons among the most wealthy in the city sent their daughters to reside there during the summer season.

Thus did the careful education of the children enable the parents to still continue in easy life, and they never felt with one pang of grief the change in their situation. This residence also brought them nearer to their two eldest children,—Mary, who married a merchant, that also had felt the 'pressure of the times,' and then found that the happy disposition of his wife to be better than all riches;—the other was Edwin Donald,

who had entered the ministry of reconciliation; his income was very limited, and he had always declined assistance from his parents, because he wished to place himself on a level with his brothers in the calling, whose incomes were the same. The grandmother resided with the daughter Mary, and she has often been heard to say, that she never was so happy as since she had seen how beautifully the whole family had met the reverses of fortune, and the tears would steal down her venerable cheeks as she spoke of the affectionate conduct of all towards her.

They are still united. They are still happy. They still value, as they have ever valued, the kind affections and christian virtues as above all outer wealth, for they are durable riches,—their fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold, and their revenue than choice silver. It were well if all had the same temper of mind; it gives a joy that the world cannot take away. But if we cast from us the teachings of Jesus—if we set our affections wholly on the fleeting things of earth—if we give up our souls to 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,' and seek for riches only that they may glitter before our vision, and minister to our vanity—then must we expect to meet disasters that will weigh down the spirit in despondency, from which no human being can relieve us.

ARIAN.

Boston, Mass.

Evening Musings. My Mother.

Original.

THE night has thrown her sable garb aside :
And clothed in robes of lunar silver light,
Her ample folds are sweeping far and wide,
Making the earth and sky look fair and bright :—
I sit upon a lone hill's grassy brow,
And thoughts of home rush o'er my spirit now.

Where art thou, mother? does the dim lamp burn,
Beside thy lonely bed of sickness yet?
Dost thou the beauties of this night discern?
Out from the casement where we've often met?
Or are thine eyes too languid to behold
The moonbeams falling on the curtain's fold?

Methinks I know thy thoughts—they are on me—
On me, a wanderer from my own loved home;
And this calm hour's a lonely one to thee,
Because I do not to thy hearthstone come :
Thy pillow too, is wet with scalding tears,
As if my absence were of many years.

Dear mother, I am not beyond the seas,
But here where emerald foliage lies;
Where sweet land breezes kiss the cedar trees,
And summer birds sing sweetly in the skies :
O sigh no more, and shed no bitter tears,
I love thee, mother, as in former years.

D. B. H.

Social Worship.

Original.

THE inquiry has sometimes been made, why it is necessary or expedient to meet with our fellow creatures to worship God, as this can be done in secret. It is said that a man can hold communion with his Maker, in his closet, in the field, or by the highway. It is admitted, without scruple on my part, that an individual may hold communion with his Maker at any time, and in any place. But the institution of public and social worship is not rendered questionable by this argument. We are social beings, and we are so constituted, that the example of others exercises a powerful influence upon the minds of us all. We are commanded not to run into temptation; and on the other hand, it is reasonable and incumbent upon us, that we seek provocation to good works. If we would not go where evil examples are continually before us, we ought, on the other hand, to go where good examples are presented for our imitation. I do not say that a man cannot be religious who is cut off from the advantages of social worship; but I do say that he is deprived of one of the principal helps and assistants on his way to perfection in godliness. Take a child, and bring him up in the woods, where he shall scarcely see a human being, and what will be the amount of his intelligence when he becomes a man? When mind comes in contact with mind, there is an improvement in knowledge. The thinking powers are exercised; and the reason is continued in operation by an intercourse with our fellows. If such be the fact with regard to human knowledge, may we not believe that by coming in contact with our fellow creatures in the house of God—in conferring together on the great subject of religion—we shall extend our knowledge of the truth, and widen our sphere of usefulness. Man is in a state of nature, when in society, for he is a social being; and his powers can never be developed in a state of total seclusion from the world. Love, unity, and good will, are the fundamental principles of the Gospel, and where can these be exercised to more advantage than in meeting together, in a social body, for the purpose of offering up our joint petitions to God, and listening together to the preaching of his word? This is beautifully exemplified in the conduct of Jesus, who chose disciples, and who called them his brethren—‘I go,’ said he, ‘to ascend to my Father, and your Father, my God and your God.’

‘God is Love.’

Original.

THIS does not mean merely an abstract principle, but an active, predominant, and intelligent one in the Supreme Mind; and diffusing its power over every part of the physical and moral universe. Thus we say of an affectionate mother, that towards her children she is *all love*; because it is plainly her ruling passion. But we do not by any means intend to be understood, that she is not a real person, or that her love is not directed by the soundest human intelligence. So when we say, ‘God is love,’ we do not mean that he possesses no other attributes; but that all others harmonize and co-operate with this, and that his whole nature partakes of this principle. There is a deal said, and preached, and published concerning the love of God, and yet the subject still interests us—still it is an inexhaustible source of contemplation—still the reflection that ‘God is love,’ is a fountain that never dries, filling our souls with confidence and consolation.

How then *can* we be silent upon this theme? How be mute, when all nature speaks his goodness? The broad heavens above us, decked in all the majesty of omnipotent power, shine forth his love! The earth, with its cloud-capt mountains—its towering forests, and cedars of Lebanon, which gracefully bow their stately heads in obedience to the breath of heaven—the gurgling spring—the purling rill—the murmuring rivulet—the bounding brook—the majestic river—the mighty ocean—*each, ALL, everything* is eloquent in declaring, ‘GOD IS LOVE.’ And shall man be mute? Never. Though all earth conspire to shut his lips, let the love of God break forth in everlasting praises!

‘God is love’—and this love is infinite; and it is so, because it is like all his other attributes—a part of his nature. Indeed, he would cease to be God in any proper sense of the word, was it less than infinite. Because, if it existed in the divine nature at all, and was not infinite, then it would follow that there was a finite principle in the nature of Jehovah. Of course there would come a time when God would not love, because all finite things must terminate. God forbid that we should ascribe to the Deity a class of perfections which will wear out by the lapse of years; and which must either be renewed, or new and perhaps very different ones given!

The same reasons which show that God’s love is infinite, will prove that it is immutable, and

they need not be stated. 'God is love'—and this love knows no diminution—is never inactive. We have no other means of knowing that a principle exists, than that it is in operation. Heaven, earth and ocean—man, beast, and creeping thing—all exhibit the love of God; and are so many monuments of the unceasing activity of this moral sun of the divine perfection. As far back as history can carry us, the same principles have been in constant operation—the same sun has shone—the same seasons have regularly returned, and the same profusion has crowned the labors of man in every period. Look at your households, blessed with comfort, and ask whose ever busy hand pours down the varied and abundant blessings of health and happiness; and it is impossible you should not perceive the Deity as the prime source and giver of all your blessings.

'God is love'—and this love is impartial; and there are two very important reasons why God is impartial and universal in his love. Because the ideas of greater or less cannot apply to infinity; and because, if he loves anything, he must love all his works. The only reason which can be assigned why God should not love one man as well as another is, that some men are better than others. But then, the good may become worse, and the bad may be made better, both of which would require a correspondent change in the Deity. But this is inconsistent with his nature.

This subject may be made perfectly plain to every mind by the question—Do parents cease to love their disobedient children? Certainly not. But why do they not? Simply because their love does not depend upon the character of their children, but on something else; and that is, on their affections; and those affections were in active operation before their children had formed a character of any kind. So God loves his children from the eternal operation of the principles of his own divinity, and not because one is better than another. Nor has the divine love exerted its holy and saving influence in our outward condition alone. It has opened the heavens—sent us the truth—taught us virtue, and revealed immortal life and endless bliss.

'O, may we all, while here below,
This blessing well improve,
Till nobler praise, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that God is love.'

J. A. A.

Sensitiveness.

Original.

THERE is in this world a great variety of temperaments. This must be pretty generally admitted. Some are so constituted that the least harsh word will occasion them momentary uneasiness. The boisterousness of mirth, the least thing which jars with their feelings gives them offence and excites their irritability. Such persons very frequently seem to regard the more noisy demonstrations of good feeling as almost a crime, merely because the ways of other men differ from their own. But if an individual is unfortunately thus constituted, it should be his endeavor to conquer his aversion to the manners of other men; or at least to bear with them. There are individuals whose outward actions are characterized by a certain roughness, which proceeds not so much from indifference to the sensibilities of others, as from a certain hearty cheerfulness and freedom from care that dwell in their very natures. That such persons should not know how to make allowance for the extreme sensitiveness of more nervous persons is perfectly natural. Some people are boisterous in their generosity, and invite you to a feast by a thump on the back, and other rude salutations which would seem to imply, to one who understood not their language, that they were your greatest enemies. I knew a man once of a very sensitive temperament, and of a disposition so irritable that few persons felt disposed to transact business with him. Unless they were very guarded in their expressions, and dealt with him very gently, he would take offence. Mixed with this irritability, there is, of course, a certain overbearing demeanor which would require other people to act differently from their usual practice; and this man was so much so, that even the best natured men were, at times, offended with him. He took no pains to control his infirmity, and any person must have been 'very much his friend indeed,' who would have ventured to advise him on the subject. He soon found that he lost custom, and that his business experienced great injury, but he would not or could not see the cause of it. He became more irritable than ever, and as his ill success became more apparent, the more disagreeable he grew. At length he was fairly penniless and without hope. He sat down under a humble home and bemoaned his condition. While in this situation, an honest yeoman, rude in manners, but possessed of a warm heart,

heard of his case ; and knowing that the sufferer had not fallen through any dishonest practices, he resolved to make him acquainted with the means of retrieving his condition. He accordingly entered the home of the desponding man, and in his boisterous manner introduced himself. The sensitive man was irritated indeed, but the benevolent yeoman was too generous to take notice of that. He went on developing his plans, in his usual rough manner, until the other perceived the excellent advantages offered by the proposed speculation ; but he instantly said in a testy manner—‘ Your proposition is no doubt a very wise one, and I suppose you have come here to tamper with me, and to tantalize me with the picture of what I might have been, if I had not lost my all. But how can I proceed in this matter when I have not a cent in the world. Five hundred dollars must be invested in the business before any thing can be done. I wish you would quit the premises, and not come here to insult my poverty.’

‘ Here it is, my hearty,’—cried the other, slapping him on the back, and, at the same time, throwing a bag upon the table which contained the money. ‘ You will soon be able to return to me this trifle, and if you don’t, I have hands to earn more with.’

The sensitive man was very much surprised to find generosity and benevolence under such a rough exterior. He used the money as he was directed by his benefactor, and soon realized his most sanguine expectations. He had now learned the folly of spurning men whose manners were different from his own, and throughout the rest of life practised a spirit of forbearance which insured him success.

L. R. S.


Courage.

Original.

COURAGE is regarded by most people as a very splendid quality ; and so it is ; yet not so much on its own account, abstractedly considered, as on account of those qualities and virtues which go to produce it. It will be perceived that I do not here speak of physical courage, which can be neither honorable nor dishonorable in the individual who possesses it, any more than strength of body or any other mere animal qualification. But where there is genuine piety and virtue, there must necessarily be a considerable share of courage. Courage alone will

not produce virtue, but virtue will produce courage. It is idle to say that a person has not the courage to practise virtue, because where a virtuous inclination exists, courage to put in practise its precepts is always accorded. Whatever may befall us among men while in the practice of our duty, we feel that the danger is much greater in neglecting that duty for fear of what ill may betide us while treading the path of truth. We feel that the loss of a good conscience, and that inward support which enables us to triumph over all the ills of life, is more to be dreaded than the loss of man’s esteem and the infliction of personal injury. The truth makes us bold, and we fear not what man can do unto us. The question naturally arises in our minds ‘ Who can harm you if ye be followers of that which is good ?’ We feel that we are on the right side, and that God is a tower of strength before which the arm of man is but a withered and powerless branch. This is a description of courage which must endure, for it is based upon the rock of ages. It does not vaunt like the courage of the warrior. It rejoices not in the overthrow and destruction of our fellow creatures. It is not overcome by untoward circumstances. Worldly success does not augment it, and the power of death cannot prevail against it. Without ostentation, it is firm and invincible ; and while it dwells in the vale of humility, it is fed with manna from the skies. In nothing is the sincere christian more conspicuous than in his courage ; and if there were no other argument in favor of the holy religion of Jesus, this alone would give it pre-eminence over every system of philosophy that human ingenuity has invented. It is efficacious among all classes and descriptions of people. The frail female and the frailer child—the learned and the ignorant—the rich and the poor—the strong and the weak—are alike exempted, by its miraculous power, from the fearfulness and trembling experienced by those who live without God in the world. There can be no true and abiding courage without ‘ a conscience void of offence toward both God and man.’

Learn early to say I do not know ; because if thou sayest I do not know, they will teach thee until thou dost know ; and if thou shouldst say, I know, they will question thee until thou dost not know.

 Page 60, last line, 1st column, for *beautiful* read *bountiful*.

Notices.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS held their annual session on Wednesday, June 7, at Malden. The attendance of both the clergy and lay delegates was unusually large, and a good feeling seemed to warm every heart. All business was transacted in peace, and the reports of the various committees concerning the state and prospects of Universalism in the several counties, were, in general, highly favorable. Three discourses were preached on the occasion by Brs. Z. Thompson, of Lowell, H. Ballou 2d, of Roxbury, and M. H. Smith, of Haverhill; only one of which, the occasional by Br. H. Ballou 2d, did we have the privilege to hear, and of that we can speak, and speak feelingly;—it was most excellent, and admirably adapted to awaken attention toward the practical truths of our religion. Text, Matt. v. 16: 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' Ordination was conferred on Brs. D. B. Harris, and H. Beckwith.

During the session a resolution favorable to the revival of the 'Universalist Expositor' was passed; and another recommending the formation of a Sabbath School Association, to further the interests of those nurseries of religious education. We are right glad of this movement; it indicates a better state of feeling toward Sabbath Schools, and we are confident that the formation of the proposed association will be very favorable to the cause of truth and the religious education of the young. We bid the projectors God speed.

A committee appointed to consider the subject of a Theological Seminary, made a report, which was accepted, in favor of establishing 'Schools for instruction in those branches of learning proper for young men entering the ministry,' and recommended such 'to the attention and patronage of our denomination.'

A resolution on the subject of the *Abolition of Slavery* in our country, was introduced, but after an animated discussion it was voted, that it was inexpedient to act on the subject of the resolution.

The Convention adjourned to meet at Salem, and Br. T. J. Greenwood was appointed to preach the occasional discourse.

REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF JOHN MURRAY. The remains of this venerated saint were removed to Mount Auburn on Thursday, 8th of June last. Appropriate exercises were attended to at the First Universalist Church in this city, in presence of a vast concourse of people. The house was crowded, and many persons were obliged to remain outside. The services were of a very solemn and impressive character; and the listening attention of such a great audience, was very gratifying. A most eloquent and appropriate discourse was pronounced by Rev. Sebastian Streeter, from Joshua xxiv. 32: 'And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamer, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver; and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph.' The preacher felt his subject deeply, and made others feel it. He made it exceedingly interesting, and drew forth with great eloquence and power the prominent features in the history of the sainted Murray, and the peculiar traits of character that made him one of the excellent and wonderful of the earth. We regret that the discourse was not presented to the public in a handsome pamphlet form. Its publication, however, in the weekly papers of our order will, we are confident, do much good, and we are glad of the privilege of thus obtaining it.

The number of persons who followed the remains to Mount Auburn, was very large. Upwards of fifty coaches, and thirty other carriages, left the church in procession, and many others were found at the cemetery waiting the arrival of the train. The procession was nearly, if not quite a mile in length. Notwithstanding a drizzling rain, which com-

menced soon after the procession left the church, a very large concourse of people, perhaps a thousand, stood around the open grave, and listened with profound attention to a short address from our venerable father Hcsea Ballou, who afterwards lifted up his voice in solemn prayer.

The events of the day will long be remembered by many. It was a season of good influences, and many a heart was impressed with a livelier sense of its duty toward God, humanity, and truth. The monument will mark a sacred spot, and perpetuate the name of one of the great benefactors of our race.

TRUMPET AND UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE. This veteran in the field of spiritual warfare, is still active, valiant, and powerful, as in former years. It has ever been, and continues to be, a valuable aid in the cause of religious and moral truth, and we rejoice that it is so well sustained by the patronage of the Universalist public. The first No. of a new volume is now before us, issued June 24, which contains the sermon of Br. Streeter delivered on the 8th, and we call attention to the work now, as a very favorable time for subscribing. It is published every Saturday, at No. 40 Cornhill, Boston, at \$2 per annum, in advance; to which fifty cents will be added if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing. We shall be happy to hand in any subscriptions forwarded to us for the 'Trumpet.'

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOK. 'Easy Lessons, designed for the use of small Children in Sabbath Schools. By O. A. Skinner. Boston: Abel Tompkins. 1837.' pp. 18.

Br. Skinner has succeeded well in filling a vacuum in our Sabbath Schools—his book has long been wanted by the younger scholars, and is received with delight. It is a difficult task to prepare good class books for the young in religious schools, as a nice balance must be preserved between an insipid simplicity, and a too elevated style. It is not a task beneath great minds to attend to furnishing such works, and this is being more felt, and the cause of education is thereby accelerated. The demand for class books in Universalist Sabbath Schools will be great in a few years, and we hope we shall ere long have the happiness of greeting some as well adapted to the higher classes as that of 'Easy Lessons' is for the lower classes.

A VOICE FROM THE AGED. We have been exceedingly gratified by a letter from an aged friend in Kentucky, who will accept our unfeigned thanks for his kind interest in the success of our work, and for his word of encouragement. He enclosed \$5 in advance for the 'Universalist,' and thus write us: 'Desirous to promote such a useful and valuable work, and see the cause it advocates advanced, I do not wish to be behind in my subscription.' * * 'My age being near the end of the 77th year, keeps me within a very limited circle, so that little opportunity offers me to get subscribers;—I loan out mine where I think they will be available to that effect ere long.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We have several articles on hand for our next, from various correspondents.

The sermon from father Jones, and the communication from J. E. B. are necessarily deferred till next month.

We hope to hear from M. A. D., and S. C. E., for our next. Such friends cannot visit us too often.

Two very welcome communications from D. J. M., were received too late for this No.

AGENTS are requested to inform us as soon as they can, of all discontinuances and new subscriptions.

Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending June 23.

J. P., Franklin, \$2; N. L. J., Camden, \$3; J. V. W., Jaffrey, \$4; J. B., Danvers, \$4; P. C., East Middlebury, \$6; C. S. R., Waterville, L. C., \$5; W. S., Albany, \$2; G. M. P., Ware Village, \$2; M. C., Kalamazoo, Mich., \$5; J. L. R., Canton, \$4; S. G., Fulton, \$10; N. A., Jaffrey, \$9; A. K., Cabotville, \$6; D. P., Nashville, \$10; H. T., Springfield, Ken., \$5; R. F., Winchester, \$2; C. S., West Bridgewater, \$4; M. B., Buffalo, \$25; W. G., Smithland, Ken., \$5; S. B., South Wilbraham, \$2; F. S., Peterborough, \$3; T. J. T., Hiram, \$5.

When Summer's sunny hues adorn.

Allegretto. 3 3 Sva. - - - - Loco.

When Summer's sunny hues a - dorn Sky, forest, hill and meadow, The foliage of the

ad lib.

evergreens In contrast seems a shadow, In contrast seems a . . . shadow.

But when the tints of autumn-time
Finds Summer's face averted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
Into a light converted.

Thus frowning thoughts that chill our mirth
Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
May be bright hopes to-morrow.